The Wellsboro Gazette.

VOL. XL. — WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1913. — NO. 4.

AUSTIN DAM CASE AGAIN POSTPONED

[illegible]

—Ex-Commissioner Smith Indicted for Forgery.

The regular September sessions of court convened on Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, Judge Cameron presiding. The first hour was spent in receiving constables' returns, the Court offering suggestions and directing corrections from time to time after carefully considering each return. In addressing the Constables Judge Cameron urged them to observe carefully each point embodied in their returns and to follow out, to the letter, the oath to which they subscribe at each term of court.

After dismissing the Constables the grand jury was called to the box and, announcing the appointment of Harvey Wood, of Charleston, foreman, the Court proceeded to instruct them as to their several duties, explaining in a concise and forceful manner the important part which the grand jury performs in criminal jurisprudence and urging upon them the necessity of a strict observance of and adherence to each and every provision of the oath under which they act.

In going over the calendar for the second week it was found there are seven cases marked for trial, the first on the list being E. C. Wade vs. New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, etc. Paul J. Edwards Esq., of counsel for the plaintiff in the above entitled action, informed the Court that, in all probability, the trial of this case would take at least until Thursday and that, under these circumstances, it would be well to mark the second case not to be taken earlier than Thursday, which, accordingly, was done.

[illegible] the Austin dam case, which was for trial at this term, has been continued to the November sessions in accordance with the following conditions: A few days since an application to continue was made by defendant's counsel [illegible] counsel for the private prosecutors, and, therefore, associated with the District Attorney, had assured them that they were speaking for the District Attorney and that the case would not be for trial at this term; that the District Attorney was willing the case should go over and further that he would make no objection to an application for continuance.

District Attorney Nelson repudiates any such agreement, but at too late a date to give defendant's counsel time for preparation.

Relying then upon that statement purporting to come from Mr. Nelson defendant's counsel made no preparation for trial and stated to the Court that, forcing them to trial at this time would be no less than judicial oppression. As a further ground supporting their application counsel for the defendant produced a written request for continuance from the prosecutor named in the indictment.

The Court then announced that, under all the circumstances, and after a careful consideration of the grounds alleged, he felt constrained to grant the motion although very reluctantly.

The Judge said further that in the future the District Attorney of Potter county would have exclusive control of these cases and that no statement [illegible] would be recognized by the Court.

Defendant's counsel then assured the Court that hereafter they would negotiate only with the District Attorney. Had counsel for the defendant not been misled by counsel for the private prosecutors in advancing statements purporting to come from the District Attorney, the Court would have refused the application to continue and the case would have been disposed of at this term.

After disposing of the motion in the Bayless case a jury was called to the box in the matter of the Commonwealth vs. Benjamin Landis, charged with assault and battery, a true bill having been found by the grand jury.

The parties to this action reside on neighboring farms in the vicinity of Marsh Creek. On August 19th last the prosecutor, Martin Murphy, met the defendant at the house of [illegible] boro where, it appears they both stopped for dinner. During the progress of the meal an argument started between the two men regarding some chickens belonging to the defendant, which it seems were continually roaming over the prosecutor's land. From the evidence it appeared that numerous threats were exchanged, finally leading to the assault which resulted [illegible].

The prosecutor testified to having received [illegible] at the hands of Mr. Landis and was corroborated by several witnesses who claimed to have seen the entire transaction.

The defendant, on the other hand, strenuously maintained that Mr. Murphy was the aggressor at all times during the quarrel and that he, the defendant, simply struck in self defense.

The jury, after deliberating about two hours, returned a verdict of guilty in manner and form as indicted.

Tuesday evening, following the disposition of the Landis-Murphy matter, a jury was called to the box in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Charles Schanbacher, charged with fornication and bastardy.

[illegible] facts in this matter appear to be as follows: Charles Schanbacher, the defendant, and C. E. Miller, the prosecutor named in the indictment, live on adjoining farms in Liberty township. Mr. Schanbacher was a fre[illegible] where it is alleged he went to call upon the daughter, Miss Miller. On the evening of June 26, 1912, according to the girl's testimony, he came to call upon her as usual, and during the evening he succeeded, after a fierce struggle, in having carnal knowledge of her, as the result of which act she became a mother in the month of March this year.

The case occupied the attention of the court all day yesterday and was not concluded when this report closed yesterday afternoon.

The grand jury found the following true bills:

Benjamin Landis, assault and battery.

Fred Palmer, assault and battery.

Lewis Schultz, rape.

Joseph Spear, breaking and entering and larceny.

Herman Spear, breaking and entering and larceny.

Tony Chippey, alias Jno. O'Bryan, breaking and entering.

Chas. Schanbacher, fornication and bastardy.

Freeman H. Smith, forgery.

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In the cases of the Commonwealth vs. Fred Palmer and Commonwealth vs. Harry Seamans, each defendant gave bail to the November terms.

TIMELY TIOGA TOPICS.

A Pretty Church Wedding—Personal and Other Notes.

Tioga, Sept. 24.—Last Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in St. Andrew's church occurred the marriage of Miss Dorinda Adams, daughter of Walter C. Adams, of Tioga, and Francis Kettle, of Canisteo.

The couple were met at the church door by the vested choir and escorted up the aisle to the altar, where the bride was given away by her cousin, Walter T. Urell.

After the service a wedding supper was served at the home of Mrs Chas. Cleveland on Cowanesque street. Mr. and Mrs. Kettle will leave Saturday for Canisteo, where a charming home completely furnished awaits them. A host of good wishes will follow them.

A reception was given for the Kettle-Adams bridal party by Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Urell on Tuesday evening. To-morrow (Thursday) evening Mr. and Mrs. Elmer B. Smith will entertain in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Kettle at their home on South Main street.

Miss Eloise [illegible] of Rochester, is the guest of Mrs. Harry Miller.

Miss Edna Westbrook, of Lawrenceville, was the guest of Miss Lou Bishop on Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. W. M. Whitehead spent Saturday with her sister, Mrs. Frank Derby, in Wellsboro.

Miss Grace King, of Galeton, is the guest of Miss Catherine Urell.

Mrs. Charle Peck, of Buffalo, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Peck.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Mercereau, of Pasadena, Cal., Mrs. Goodspeed, of Wellsville, N. Y., and Miss Grace King, of Westfield, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Urell.

Cyril Bentley, of Brooklyn, is a guest at the home of Mrs. Caldwell. He held a service in St. Andrew's church on Sunday evening.

Edward Vanderwater, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of his uncle, Max Leutner.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Merrick and family are guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sheldon.

Miles [illegible], of Buffalo, is spending his vacation at his home in this place.

Frank E. Seymour, of New York city, is visiting at his old home in this place.

The Tourtelotte Art Company has moved from this place to Westfield.

There are as present 262 scholars in the Tioga High School, which number will be increased in the near future.

Miss Francis Leutner has returned to Oneonta, N. Y., to resume her studies at the college in that place.

The Borough Council.

Burgess Dartt and Councilmen Deans, Miller, Packer, Potter and Sherwood were present at the regular meeting of the Council on Monday evening.

Bills were audited and ordered paid for street labor and supplies.

The bid of R. W. Bailey & Son for sewer pipe for the proposed Austin street stone water-sewer was accepted, only one bid being received.

Attorney N. B. Leslie appeared and informed the Council that a volunteer firemen's relief association was being formed and that the town would be called upon to contribute the monies received annually by the borough [illegible] fire insurance companies doing business in this State, amounting to between $125 and $150. This money to be used for sick or disabled firemen incapacitated by fighting fires.

The matter was taken under advisement by the Council.

The Council then adjourned to meet Monday evening, Oct. 13th.

—Floyd G. Wagner, of Lindley, R. F. D. carrier, was found guilty last Thursday of stealing a letter from the United States mail by a jury in District Court at Canandaigua, N. Y. A recommendation for clemency accompanied the verdict. Wagner was sentenced to pay a fine of $300 and serve 30 days in the Erie county jail. The fine was promptly paid and the judges saw fit to suspend the jail

OFFICERS MAY GET MORE PAY.

Entitled to $5 for Primary Work in Opinion of Allegheny Judge.

If a decision handed down by Judge Robert S. Frazer, of Allegheny coun[illegible] the election officers of Tioga county will each be entitled to $1.50 in addition to the amount already paid them for conducting the primary election last week.

Some time ago Auditor General A. W. Powell asked the Attorney General for an opinion as to whether the act of 1913 fixing the pay of election officers at $5 would apply to the recent primary. The department ruled that as the officers were elected before the passage of the law, their pay could not be increased. However, Judge Frazer holds that all election officers should be paid for the primaries under the new act.

Under the old law the primaries were held between the hours of 2 p. m. and 8 p. m. and judges, inspectors and clerks each received $1.75, one-half the amount received for a general election when the polls were open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Under the new law the primary hours are the same as for the general election, and the Tioga County Commissioners decided that the election officers should be paid the same amount as they received for a general election under the old law, $3.50 for the day. The same rule was followed in other counties of the State, except in Allegheny county, where it was proposed to pay election officers the new rate of $5.

A Pittsburg election officer filed a bill in equity to restrain the County Commissioners and county controller from paying the $5 rate. The case was argued before Judge Frazer, who decided in favor of the $5 rate. His decision reads: "Whatever restriction there may be upon the power of the legislature to change the pay of election officers for their services at elections provided by the constitution, the prohibition of the constitution does not apply to a case where a new duty of holding primaries is imposed upon the persons who have been elected as election officers, and therefore the act above mentioned (1913) determines their compensation."

Should this decision be sustained and Tioga county election officers insist upon being paid the $5 rate it will mean an additional expense of several hundred dollars for holding the primary election in this county.

BAD FREIGHT WRECK.

Breaking of Journal Derailed 22 Cars [illegible] $50,000.

[illegible] of a journal box on a south bound fast freight a mile north of the Watkins Glen bridge on the Pennsylvania division of the New York Central early last Saturday morning, derailed 24 cars, piling them up on both the north and south bound tracks and completely blocked traffic on the division past this point until late Saturday night.

The train was one of the fast freight [illegible] run over the division and its cars were loaded with perishable freight. It had slackened speed somewhat as it approached the Watkins Glen bridge, and railroad men consider the accident very fortunate in that it might have happened a mile further south when the train would have been upon the bridge, more than 150 feet above the bed of the glen.

The wrecked train had a pusher engine behind it to shove it up the heavy grade at that point. When the wreck happened the worst harm was done by the locomotive behind which kept piling the cars on top of one another.

In one of the cars were 40 Holstein cattle consigned from Utica to Philadelphia. These animals were unhurt and were taken to Dundee, where they were cared for until another train could be made up.

For a distance of several hundred feet the rails were twisted and bent from their positions and both tracks were covered with broken and battered box cars, fruit, flour, sugar, etc. All south bound passenger trains were more or less delayed, the evening train being about an hour and a half late at this station. Express matter due here at noon did not come through until evening.

North bound passenger trains from Corning ran to Watkins where the baggage and passengers were transferred around the wreck. The tracks were not cleared until afternoon and it was late at night before traffic was resumed.

It is said to have been one of the worst freight wrecks the Central ever had on the Fall Brook branch. The loss is estimated at about $50,000.

Sticklin–Kiefer.

Carl Sticklin, son of Mrs. Augusta Sticklin, and Miss Mary Kiefer were united in marriage last Thursday morning at 8:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs E. W. Kiefer, on East avenue. Rev. F. P. Simmons, pastor of the M. E. church, officiated.

The wedding was a very quiet affair, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. The bride wore a [illegible] blue tailored suit with hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Sticklin left on the north bound train for a wedding trip to Rochester, Charlotte and other points. Both are young people who are highly regarded and have a host of friends who wish them a long and happy life. Mr. Sticklin is employed

BLOSSBURG BOY KILLED BY CARS

[illegible]

Fell Under Wheels of Freight Train at Corning.

Missing his hold in attempting to board an Erie freight train in the Corning yards last Thursday afternoon Albert Rorapaugh, 16 years old, of Blossburg, fell under the wheels and was mangled so terribly that he died twenty minutes later.

On September 6th young Rorapaugh, together with a lad named Roy J. Doud, of Covington, left their homes in company with a man whom they had recently met at Blossburg and who had promised them employment if they would go with him to Niagara Falls. On reaching this point however the man had deserted the young lads and left them to shift for themselves. The boys went to the police station and related their experiences, receiving there tickets as far as Corning on their way home.

Reaching Corning at 11:45 o'clock a. m. on Thursday, the two lads set out to walk the remaining distance to their respective homes, proceeding thus along the Central tracks until they cited an Erie freight running south, over the Central. Young Rorapaugh suddenly decided to catch this train which would carry him some miles nearer his home. He secured a hold on the grab iron of a box car but the speed of the train was so great he could not retain his position and fell under the wheels with the terrible result above recorded. The body was horribly mangled, both legs being cut off at the hips.

Several Italians, working along the tracks, saw the accident and assisted in dragging the unfortunate youth from beneath the wheels. The body was placed on a hand-car and removed to Corning passenger station whence it was removed to the home of the boy's parents at Blossburg.

Young Doud, the companion of the unfortunate lad, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Doud, of Covington. He was cared for by parties in Corning on Thursday night and furnished with transportation to his home on Friday morning.

The parents of both lads had been greatly agitated over their disappearance and had made wide inquiry as to their whereabouts, without result, however, until notified Thursday of the deplorable accident.

Upon being questioned as to their wanderings young Doud related the following: On Saturday, September 6th, the Rorapaugh boy came to the Doud home at Covington and told Roy that there was a man over on the ball park who said he would get work for both boys if they would accompany him to Niagara Falls and asked the Doud boy if he would go along. Much animated over the prospect of a trip into the outside world, where they would not only escape going to school but also be provided with employment that would make them independent, the lads started out with the stranger, who told them his name was "Dan," walking as far as Mansfield, where "Dan" purchased three tickets for Niagara Falls.

At Elmira the trio changed cars and then proceeded to Canandaigua, where they left the train and spent several days in search of employment which, however, they failed to find. From there they went to a point in the fruit section near Rochester where they again attempted, without results, to find work, sleeping at night in barns or haystacks and begging their food from door to door.

From Rochester they proceeded to Niagara Falls at which point the stranger left the lads to their own resources. After waiting for him at a given point for eleven hours the boys applied to the police for assistance with the result as above stated. They were on their way home, then, when the Rorapaugh boy met his untimely death.

Mr. Rorapaugh is very much aroused over the unwarranted conduct of the stranger who enticed the boys from their homes. He realizes that, in all probability, his son would now be alive and well had it not been that the stranger lured him from his home only to desert him in a strange city, thus laying the way for the accident which resulted in the lad's horrible death. The father will spare no efforts to establish the identity of "Dan" and cause his arrest on the charge of kidnapping, in order, if possible, to prevent the man from leading other lads astray in the future.

While clues which might lead to the identity of the stranger are meager, [illegible] has been established. He is a man known only as "Dan," apparently about 40 years of age, who has been spending some time, off and on, for years loafing about Blossburg and vicinity, seldom working but always seemingly well supplied with money.

The man's motive in luring the boys from their home cannot be definitely established but, from the fact that he asked for work along the route, only for the boys, it would appear that he had conceived the scheme of setting them at work and collecting their earnings for his own use. He may, however, have had some deeper purpose which, probably will not be cleared up until he is taken into custody or more is learned of his habits and of his movement immediately prior to the day the boys left home in

MISS WILSON "MADE GOOD."

Assists Her Father in Important Duties as Secretary of Labor.

An interesting sketch of Miss Agnes H. Wilson, daughter of Wm. [illegible] tary of Labor in President Wilson's cabinet, is found in a recent number of the Journal of the American Federation of Labor, as follows:

"Those who are accustomed to frequenting the capitol and visiting the various committee rooms are familiar with the former habitudes of the committee on labor of the House.

"At the beginning of the 62nd Congress William B. Wilson was made chairman of the Labor Committee and his daughter Agnes Wilson, was appointed secretary to the committee. She has been her father's righthand 'man' for many years, having been his secretary while he was Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers, and later performing the same service when he came to Washington as Representative in 1907.

"As Secretary of the Labor Committee, Agnes Wilson made good. In handling all the details incident to the position which she occupied she showed conspicuous ability. A truly democratic spirit always pervaded the atmosphere of the labor committee headquarters, for which Agnes Wilson was in no small part responsible.

"Agnes Wilson is what the discerning individual would term a sensible Scotch stock, she inherits the sturdiness of that race, both in physical stature and mental activity. Combined with these natural gifts are geniality and an optimism that is inspiring. The Scotch twinkle of the eye denotes a keen perception of humore, an attribute that attracts permanent friendships and radiates good fellowship to all who come within its radius.

"Agnes Wilson, like her father, has translated into action her beliefs. William B. Wilson is a member of his craft organization. Agnes Wilson is also a member of the [illegible] over the work in which she has been engaged—Stenoghaphers. Typewriters, Bookkeepers and Assistants' Union No. 11732, American Federation of Labor.

"As one of the members of Official Washington, the same measure of approbation will undoubtedly be her portion, as that achieved by her in her former position. She certainly has the good will and best wishes of all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance."

AFTER HALF CENTURY.

Lycoming County Man Finds Sister After Fifty Years.

A search that has extended over nearly half a century came to an end last week when Robert McCullough, president of the Jersey Shore Trust Co., and one of the best known men in Lycoming county, learned of the whereabouts of his sister, Mrs. Jas. Duling of Morgantown, West Va., through the visit of a nephew, Evert Duling, who was on a search for his uncle.

In 1859 the parents of Mr. McCullough and his sister died, and the family of children were compelled to separate. The brother, then 16 years old, accompanied his 6 year old sister to Cleveland, O., where she found a home in the family of a Presbyterian minister named Hart. Later she was adopted into the family. The brother came back East and went into the lumber woods of Central Pennsylvania, operating in Tioga county for several years.

The two lost all trace of each other and years went by. Robert McCullough prospered greatly. He [illegible] operated one of the largest tanneries in that part of the State, and when this was sold to a combination he moved to Jersey Shore, where he engaged in the mercantile business and became interested in other enterprises. During all this time he had kept up a search for information concerning his sister, but with no results.

A like hunt had been carried on by the sister, whose change of name by adoption and subsequent change by marriage had destroyed the brother's clues. Finally a visit by the sister's son to Ulster county, N. Y., the original home of the McCulloughs, gave him a thread of family history by which he was able to follow his uncle to his present home in Jersey Shore.

Notes From Keeneyville.

Keeneyville, Sept. 24.—Charles Erway met with quite a bad accident last Saturday. He was hitching his horses on a lumber wagon when they became frightened and started to run. Mr. Erway was knocked down and his face and back were painfully injured.

Mrs. Ida Tremain and mother have been visiting the past ten days with Mrs. Tremain's son, R. J. Keeler.

Mrs. Arnold Dickinson and her two daughters, Gertrude and Mary, visited relatives in Wellsboro several days last week.

Charles H. Newton has a fine new sign.

Considerable sickness in this locality just at present. Among those who are ill are Mrs. Greenfield and Mrs. Martha Burley.

Erwin Luther, who was kicked in the face by his horse a few days ago, is getting along as well as could be expected.

Philander West, who sustained a fractured shoulder in the auto accident while returning from the Red Men's picnic at Elkland, is having quite serious time.

—Landlord Crawford, of the Park Hotel at Tioga, is a patient at the Williamsport Hospital, suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

WARNING TO HUNTERS.

Game Commissioners Give Notice Regarding License Tags.

Secretary Kalbfus, of the State Game Commission, gives notice to [illegible] secure a license to hunt before starting out. He writes:

"Fifteen days have been given sportsmen in which to secure the license and tag, and the several game protectors of the State, in connection with the State Police and other interested in the enforcement of the law, will now be directed to arrest individuals who may be found hunting without the license, as required by the new act. These licneses can be secured from the several County Treasurers of the Commonwealth or from Justices of the Peace who have been authorized by the County Treasurer to represent him in this matted. They may be secured either personally or by letter. A description of the applicant is necessary. The Game Commission has no authority whatever to issue these licenses to any other person than a County Treasurer.

"In this connection I desire to say the law provides that a land owner or a tenant residing upon and cultivating land may hunt upon that land without securing said license; he may also hunt upon land immediately adjacent and connected with his land without the license, if he secures permission to so hunt from those who control the adjoining land. This privilege covers only the property upon which the owner or tenant resides and cultivates; it does not include other tracts of land lying in different sections of the county or the Commonwealth; it does not include the wood lot or strip of mountain land that may be located miles away from such place of residence or cultivation. It does include the wood lot that is a part of the actual place of residence a part of which is under cultivation."

CAMERA CATCHES ANIMALS.

After Waiting for Weeks at African Water Hole Operator Gets Films.

There are few places in the heavens or earth or waters under the earth [illegible] man who turns the crank of the motion picture camera has not invaded in his strenuous search for the original, the strange, and the startling, but perhaps the topnotch of all the achievements of his brother operators was capped when J. C. Hemment, who took the Paul J. Rainey African Hunt Pictures, which will be seen at the Auditorium on Friday and Saturday evenings, secured his water-hole film, which is the big feature, and was pronounced by Profes[illegible] American Museum of Natural History, as the greatest contribution to natural science of the past decade.

A complete picture of the various animals of the jungle coming down to slake their thirst was secured by Mr. Hemment only after the most patient and painstaking laobr. When the Rainey expedition first reached the water-hole a blind of timbers covered by shrubbery was constructed "up wind" from the drinking place, and left absolutely undisturbed for six weeks, in order that the animals might become accustomed to it, and would walk around it without fear. At the end of this period the operator took his place in the booth with his camera, and waited day after day. At first he saw nothing but monkeys and other small animals, and once in a while a rhinoceros or a giraffe, but it was weeks before a sufficient assemblage of animals was at the hole at once to make a good picture. Finally he secured a film which took [illegible] of animals at once.

Constabulary Preserved Order.

The Free Press says that one feature of every day at the Westfield Fair was the presence of two members of the Pennsylvania constabulary who assisted in policing the grounds. They were sent because the State feels that in giving financial aid it is also indebted in helping to secure order. The two constabulary officers were efficient police. In the first place they were mounted, which gave them a better opportunity of seeing what was needed and in the next place when they made a command they saw that it was observed and respected.

Some of those who were crowded back by the mounted men were surly and one man with more stubbornness than judgment went back onto forbidden ground after being warned back by one of the troopers, and what happened to him convinced him of his mistake and discouraged similar actions on the part of others. The trooper merely slapped his face good and hard and with his horse nosed him back to his place.

Red Men Will Feast.

Niles Valley, Sept. 24.—Sonra Tribe will give a banquet to the members of the order and their families next Saturday evening.

The ice cream festival held at the church last Saturday evening was well attended.

John Sampson, of Elmira, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carey, of Corning, are visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. Lavelle West.

Arrick Sweet, of Crooked Creek, has moved his family to this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Sampson spent Sunday in Geneva, N. Y.

Quite a number of people from this section attended the Mansfield Fair [illegible]

TWO TANNERIES BOLDLY DEFY LAW

State Police, Fish and Health Department Fail to Prevent Pollution of Cowanesque River.

[illegible] of the several articles appearing in the Gazette within a few months regarding the pollution of streams in this section of the State by refuse from the acid factories located along the banks, the following article from the North American will be of interest:

"Nearly every morning there rides up the Cowanesque valley a stalwart State policeman from the Tioga substation. He sits on his horse with firmness and grace. Wicked looking cartridges yawn from his belt. Across his saddle poises a gun with open mouth which speaks for law and order.

"If this representative of government would turn his eyes from the magnificent landscape before him and look at the stream he is winding along, he might notice that some person is contaminating that noble river, breaking the law under his very nose; a law which he is in duty bound as much to uphold as any on the statute books of the commonwealth.

"There are tanneries at Westfield and Elkland. It looks very much, from the blackened water, as if some or all of them are pouring refuse into the stream in defiance of law. If so they are no better than other criminals and should be given the penalties for lawbreakers. They are worse than some criminals because they comprehend what they are doing, but persist either through perversity or a belief that by reason of influence they are immune from punishment for lawbreaking. As the nasty refuse in this splendid stream pollutes its water and blackens its shores, the [illegible] unheeding.

"There is in Harrisburg a Fish Commission and a Health Commission. They consume large appropriations of the taxpayers' money. It is part of thir duties to prevent stream pollution. Having recently [illegible] they are pluming themselves about their work in published statements, while stream pollution is going on in other quarters. It is not time for back-patting, not until tanneries at least are compelled by law to take care of their refuse and not pour it into the principal streams to the detriment of riparian owners and the rights of the many in food fish.

[illegible] torney. He has not only looked after streams in his own county, but as a private citizen he has gone into Potter county and helped [illegible] factories and tanneries from polluting Pine creek. Someway he has missed this outrage.

"The Legislature of Pennsylvania, from time to time, has enacted laws for the protection of food fish and laws for the public health. Among these is one prohibiting the pollution of streams. If laws are to be of any value they must be enforced, and after long period of flagrant violation it would seem that this species of stream pollution, at least, should cease.

"While State police, game wardens and such watch for minor violations of fish laws, and jail sentences of heavy fines are imposed for catching fish under legal size; while authorities [illegible] of cases of petty pollutions; while municipalities are ordered by the State Board of Health to build sewage disposal plants, manufacturing corporations continue to pour their poisons into streams, and no redress seems to be in sight. Ofttimes the authorities seem impotent to deal with some of the most aggravated cases.

"The pollution of streams by manufacturing corporations in violation of law, simply because they won't make the necessary expenditure to prevent it, is one of the worst forms of special privilege. In this age, when the issue is human rights against property rights, polluters must go.

"To rob any man the right to water his horse or cow from a stream on which he has riparian rights, or to kill off the fish in which he has community rights, that the millionaire manufacturer's dividends may wax a little fatter, is to offend the fundamental law of the land. No pollution of any naturally pure stream is necessary to manufacturing interests, and if it is tolerated, then property rights are above human rights and the dollar is above the man and above the law."

Crooked Creek Chat.

Crooked Creek, Sept. 23.—Mrs. Ida Mitchell visited her nephews, Claude Copley and Leroy Goodwin, at their respective homes near Wellsboro last week.

Mrs. Ben Fish returned to her home at Seeley Creek last Wednesday after caring for her mother, Mrs. W. W. White, who has been very ill but is now slowly improving.

Mrs. Beatrice Goodwin is seriously ill at the home of her brother, M. C. Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Carpenter attended the funeral of his uncle, A. Vangorder, at Galeton, held at the home of C. E. Carpenter at Middlebury on Monday.

—George Seeley, of Knoxville, is using a Buick touring car to [illegible] the passengers on his stage [illegible] between Tioga, Troupsburg and Knoxville.

MAIL DELIVERED IN DIVERSE WAYS

Carriers Employed in Transporting Letters in Rural Districts Use All Kinds of Vehicles.

Delivering mail to points anywhere from one to seventy-five miles distant from the nearest postoffice is the daily routine of the rural free delivery carrier. There are over 42,000 of these men, whose [illegible] duty consists in distributing the mail throughout this most important branch of Uncle Sam's postal system, which were it discontinued would rob 35,000,000 people, just 40 per cent of the population of the United States, of the inestimably valuable privilege of direct communication with the rest of the country; for a larger proportion of them live too far from the postoffice to make the trip once a day or even a week.

The Government appoints as carriers only those who have passed the requisite civil service examination, and their salaries are graded according to the length of the routes they are appointed to serve, or rather the length of time [illegible] to cover the routes, and range from $1,100 per year down. The carriers are required to furnish their own conveyances, [illegible] into consideration in fixing the salaries. No standard vehicle has been proscribed, and each man is free to make his selection, governed by such considerations as the length of his route, the nature of the country it traverses, the general condition of the roads, and personal preference and convenience.

The majority of them use a specially-constructed mail wagon somewhat similar to the more familiar milk wagon of the city. It is enclosed on all sides and is furnished with doors which permit the driver to reach the mail boxes on both sides of the road. There is one of these boxes in front of each farmhouse, mounted on a post at the road side at a convenient height, so that the carrier may open [illegible] without getting out of his wagon. A little semaphore arm at one end of the box indicates, when raised, that there is mail within for collection, and the carrier is thus relieved of the necessity of stopping to open a box which may prove empty, in case he has no mail for delivery.

[illegible] many of the men are owners of automobiles of various sizes and makes which they have equipped for their purposes and pressed into service. Those who are thus fortunately situated are enabled to [illegible] daily work in far less time than the Government allowance for the length of their routes, and a great many of them take advantage of the spare time thus thrown on their hands to engage in other occupations. Not a few of them are themselves farmers. Some are [illegible] who [illegible] ters of the branch offices along the old "star routes," most of which have been gradually discontinued as the Rural Free Delivery has been extended and perfected.

Some of them pursue various trades and sad to relate, some individuals of bucolic temperament spend their spare time in just plain loafing. However that is nobody's business but their own providing they make their deliveries according to schedule.

[illegible] sections of the country where the roads become so muddy in the wet season that automobiles and the heavy mail wagons are a handicap, light buggies are the only vehicles which are at all practicable. In a like manner sleighs are rather extensively used in the winter months. But the automobile is not the only up-to-date conveyance in use, for on fully five per cent. of the routes the farmer's morning mail comes sputtering down the road to him, strapped [illegible] motorcycle. In other cases [illegible] ancient and humble bicycle brings him his daily quotations from the city markets.

It seems strange that the rural free delivery, which was first established some 14 years ago, should have received its most vigorous opposition from those very sections of the country it was intended to serve. The farmers themselves were not very much alive to the possibilities and advantages held out to them by this new and untried scheme, and the general store keepers of the country villages [illegible] were keenly alive to the fact that the abolishment of their branch postoffices must eventually follow the establishment of such a system, and consequently brought to bear in Congress all the political influence they were able, in order to defeat the measure. Fortunately, they were not successful in their attempt, for the direct and indirect benefits which the rural free delivery has conferred upon the country at large, and on the rural population in particular, have been enormous. The volume of mail handled in the country districts since its establishment has increased over 400 per cent and the receipts of the postoffice [illegible] risen from $90,000,000 to $287,000,000 annually, and the postal system of the United States is on a self-supporting basis for the first time since 1873, the reports of the last three years showing an appreciable profit in place of the large deficits of former years.

The educational significance of the service is very apparent in the great improvement in handwriting, which has everywhere been remarked by those who handle the mails, and there is no question but that the recent political awakening of the agricultural sections of the Middle and far West [illegible] in recent years has been brought about by the breaking down of barriers to the dissemination of general information [illegible] for the purchase of his necessities, and to-day the farmer of Nebraska is in closer touch with his co-worker in [illegible] than with his neighbor 15 miles away 20 years ago.

A rather humorous [illegible] advantages of the Rural Free Delivery occurred in Juniata county, this State—that is, it was humorous to everyone but the postmaster at a small village several miles east of Mifflintown, who played an important part in the example.

A considerable portion of the county is unblessed with railroad service, and prior to the establishment of the free delivery routes was traversed by one of the old "star routes," as they were called. These routes were simply buggy, or wagon routes, established under all such similar circumstances [illegible] was not obtainable, on the line of which branch postoffices were located, at which the farmers from the surrounding districts were wont to call for their mail.

After the free-delivery routes were put in operation throughout the county, this particular "star route" was kept in use for some time, handling only the mail for the inhabitants of the villages through which it passed. As it happened, the exigencies of the service demanded that the carriers of the free delivery start out at 6 o'clock in the morning, while the "star route" carrier did not leave Mifflintown until noon. [illegible] routes received their newspapers containing the daily quotations of the produce exchange quite early in the morning, and whenever they noticed a drop in prices compared with those of the previous day, they would hurriedly drive in to this particular village and sell their goods to the general store-keeper, who was also the postmaster, several hours before he became aware of the fall in the market upon the delivery of the "star route" mail in the afternoon.

He was finally obliged in self-defense to make an appeal for the abolishment of his own postoffice, which appeal was granted, and the village incorporated in the free delivery service.

With the advent of the Parcel Post, the Rural Free Delivery has become of even greater advantage to the farmer, as it is handling this in addition to the regular mails, and a great deal of extra work and expenses has been thrown upon the carriers. The authorities had this in mind, however, the last time an increase in pay was [illegible] extension of the Parcel Post [illegible] after every preparation had been made to handle the increased volume of business has obviated all the difficulties which might otherwise have [illegible]

[illegible] route, and no carrier covers a greater distance than 24 miles. In the West, where all the longer routes are located, a system of relays is resorted to whenever the length of the route is in excess of this distance. The carrier is supposed to cover his route at the rate of [illegible] miles an hour.

[illegible] AS A COLLECTOR.

A Successful and Clever Method of Collecting Bad Debts.

When the C. O. D. regulation of the parcel post system became effective July 1 an ingenious man in the West found a most unexpected use for it. A Kansas merchant had a number of bad debts on his books, chiefly small balances that had been uncollectable. He filled cartons or other receptacles with excelsior or waste paper and on top of each package he placed the receipted bill that was intended for its rightful victim. Then, after sealing the package, he attached the five-cent stamp for postage and the ten-cent stamp for the C. O. D. service and mailed it.

The returns came immediately and in nearly every instance the debtor paid the charges and received the receipted bill for his money—and that's all.

The Philadelphia Ledger says: [illegible] propriety and legality of this clever method of debt collecting. Is there any fraud, deceit, imposition in the practice? It is a nice question for casuists. The recipient is not obliged to accept the package, but the appeal to his curiosity is irresistible. He is not deprived of his money without value received, because he gets the receipted bill and it must be presumed that it is of value. To be sure the man who falls into the trap is 'fooled,' but is there any reason why he should not be lured into paying a debt?

"The district attorney's office to which the question has been submitted in the West is of the opinion that the plan is legitimate. It may be 'tricky' or 'smart' or deceptive, but no legal ground has yet been found for preventing the use of the parcel post as a debt collecting agency."

Farmers and Prices.

The United States Department of Agriculture gave out a bulletin recently for public enlightenment as to where the growing prices for food stuffs go. According to this publication the farmers have no cause for complaint, for the products of their fields are shown to be considerably higher than a year ago. Potatoes are 10.4 cents a bushel more, butter 1.7, chickens 1.1 and eggs 0.4 a dozen. In the matter of meats the farmer is doing much better, receiving 68 cents more a hundred pounds for pork, 5 cents more for beef, 91 cents more for veal and 6 cents more for mutton.

But the farmer is not to blame for this increase paid for his products. He is as helpless as the man who pays the prices. The widespread falling off in production explains the cause for the growing burden. There can be no help until production becomes sufficient to meet the demand. The farmer has to pay more in proportion for what he needs on the farm.

[illegible] field High School have organized a [illegible]

PATRONS OF CONDENSERY.

Who Delivered Milk to the Amount of $50 and Over Last Month.

[illegible] who delivered milk to the [illegible] condensery to the amount of $100 and over during the month of August.

Name	Amount
Chas. Orr	$258.27
S. R. Rogers	226.85
Tioga County Farm	204.49
Chas. S. Bower	175.19
H. J. Mitchell	171.94
C. W. Fuller	137.87
W. H. Metzgar	135.91
Wm. Carson	130.75
Wm. Hazleton	130.52
Ed. Coolidge	128.99
C. N. Austin	127.68
Wm. Bowen	126.74
[illegible] M. Escott	124.60
L. J. West	[illegible]
Robert Johnson	123.08
Davis & French	124.36
Thomas Scanlin	116.00
E. G. Simmons	115.05
T. J. Davis	114.56
E. Willard	114.23
A. L. Westbrook	113.27
H. A. Brown	111.24
Mrs. A. H. Torpy	107.97
Arthur Brooks	107.12
Floyd Bliss	105.97
T. M. Archer	105.91
P. E. Brown	104.40
Ed. Matson	104.12
I. E. Allen	101.89
[illegible] & Gee	101.13

List of patrons who delivered milk [illegible] the month of August.

Name	Amount
O. H. Brooks	$ 64.12
T. R. Davis	63.27
Fred Evans	57.89
L. Schimpf	73.26
Wm. M. Harrison	61.07
Wm. Crane	51.94
[illegible]	[illegible]
Eugene Hammond	81.42
W. V. Coolidge	99.16
E. B. Young	57.56
David Hughes	68.29
S. C. Austin	78.02
A. P. Dartt	93.51
D. Rosetti	72.64
J. H. Ely	54.21
W. J. Bailey	55.00
W. H. Ely	73.22
Orr Kennedy	70.45
Geo. Smith	67.28
S. E. Shepard	55.07
Lucy Harris	57.35
Thos. Lindsey	74.88
W. Hilboldt	64.15
A. L. Tipple	50.08
T. E. Carpenter	85.74
Clarence E. Locey	75.71
Wm. Eberenz	58.23
[illegible] C. VanHorn	81.97
[illegible]	[illegible]
H. S. [illegible]	54.49
Edgar Wheeler	[illegible]
Edward Stahl	[illegible]
VanHorn & Manning	[illegible]
M. J. Austin	51.25
[illegible] Coolidge	[illegible]
Ed T[illegible]	[illegible]
Arthur Pope	[illegible]
Ray Davis	61.02
Willard & Bellinger	83.62
S. F. Baity	79.86
A. R. Willard	77.53
J. Fecht & Son	68.55
Gerould Smith	58.18
R. F. & W. L. Smith	88.39
[illegible]	[illegible]
G. W. Bliss	64.58
G. W[illegible]	[illegible]
Thomas L. Bowen	[illegible]
A. R. LaMont	74.16
Mrs. J. A. Dawson	54.48
W. J. Peake	67.02
A. M. Rouse	55.45
Chas. Goodwin	74.09
James Badman	66.06
John Badman	52.23
M. E. Quimby	66.74
Walter Makin	67.81
Geo. Repard	74.66
E. J. Covert	56.21
Walter Coolidge	92.72
H. N. Carpenter	64.99
Joseph Vandergrift	66.60
R. F. Coolidge	93.66
Ralph Clark	61.39
Ellis Carson	78.08
W. A. Walkins	55.19
W. M. Benedict	63.68
A. R. Wagner	78.02
H. O. & W. S. Rice	63.08
Arthur Pratt	[illegible]
A. J. Youmans	81.70
[illegible]	[illegible]
Dana Bacon	71.85
T. D. Potter	66.27
Albert Buck	51.61
Ezra Horton	82.94
R. V. Beaman	55.90
A. C. & Joseph Gee	51.56
Fred Gleason	51.75
G. R. Adamy	85.28
L. L. Torpy	50.17
R. D. Rose	[illegible]
L. J. Ashley	[illegible]
David Rose	[illegible]
L. W. Wilkins	62.26
J. A. Bowen	86.80
H. P. Holiday	70.42
W. E. Peckham	94.66
Bennett & Manning	70.49
G. C. Mudge	92.61
W. Bowen	59.79
W. M. Beuter	57.56
Joseph J[illegible]	60.70
M. E. Bailey	[illegible]
L. P. Walbridge	52.87
C. W. Benauer	60.09
A. H. Campbell	50.73

Name	Amount
Thomas Copestick	70.43
J. W. Lloyd	57.25
Mrs. W. L. English	62.48
J. E. Buss	52.37
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	61.03
S. D. Shumway	[illegible]
O. W. Butler	63.47
Amy Thomas	65.93
Bates & Plumley	53.45
Jay Bowen	[illegible]
Thomas W. Reese	82.64
W. J. Bowen	54.07
Thomas Howell	71.25
Wm. J. Rogers	86.50
F. C. Erway	96.81
C. T. Kimball	81.03
F. C. Moore	59.13
O. P. Jones	53.75
C. D. Drew	82.63
Wm. West	81.12
R. W. Bowen	57.38
[illegible]	[illegible]
Arthur Bowen	[illegible]
J. D. Patterson	80.41
James Stephenson	51.50
Floyd Zimmer	55.64
A. M. Jones	70.91
C. Scott	54.60
Mrs. Ella Bowen	62.04
Clinton Bowen	50.14
L. M. Simerson	74.15
Willard Passmore	63.11
R. Kelley	70.77
M. L. Zimmer	[illegible]
G. W. Smith	82.21
Daniel Ford	78.12
Ford & English	52.11
Lewis McIntosh	85.07
C. H. Zittel	68.04
[illegible]	[illegible]
O. D. Patterson	73.88
Francis Kelley	77.39
David D. Jones	63.93
H. M. Wood	[illegible]
G. E. Coolidge	74.81
E. H. Stone	93.17
F. H. Wilson	92.13
[illegible]	[illegible]
Abner Campbell	52.56
Herbert Youmans	54.96
E. C. Howell	57.31
H. D. Wood	59.75
L. E. Thompson	53.16
H. S. Fisher	63.68
James Lowden	82.69
A. C. Fisher	57.76
W. D. VanHorn	87.48
Dana Wetherbee	76.22
S. P. Fischler	65.84
Bacon & English	79.77
Henry Davis	50.04
David VanDyke	57.27
Finley Benson	60.77
G. W. Coveney	54.83
L. B. Taylor	55.97
Frank Ludington	53.35
Frank Knowlton	88.64
Philip Wilcox	63.33
W. T. Bodine	63.62
[illegible]	[illegible]
Wm. Fowler	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
John Delaney	72.01
James Sampson	52.48
N. Paris	55.75
A. VanWert	62.29
R. A. Abernethy	53.18
Joseph Emberger	57.67
C. J. Neal	69.82
[illegible]	[illegible]
N. G. Ingerick	[illegible]
Neal & Smith	56.97
[illegible]	[illegible]
Passmore & Kelts	56.80
Ralph Torpy	62.12
Wm. Gitchell	58.38
[illegible]	65.34
R. M. [illegible]	82.68
Arthur Stratton	65.25
T. J. [illegible]	52.51
W. D. Wilcox	90.27
Ephraim Cole	64.09
G. B. Close	60.15
Merve VanVliet	58.68
Mrs. Thomas Burton	72.67
Oscar Campbell	80.92
Edgar Lawton	90.89
C. J. Brown	77.14
Willard Bryant	54.42
A. D. West	94.64
Geo. J. Wagner	59.70
L. C. Beard	51.72
John Madden	90.30
Frank Bryant	84.70
H. M. Root	51.80
H. S. Kinney	87.45
Burdett West	54.03
A. Wedge	89.66
E. N. Niles	55.50
L. L. West	57.78

A record never equaled by a flying boat since its invention by Glenn Curtiss, of Hammondsport, N. Y., was made recently by "Doc" Wildman, at the Curtiss camp in Hammondsport, carrying the largest load on record in a flying boat. With his machine loaded to its fullest extent, over two tons, Wildman made an exhibition flight for experts who were at Hammondsport in the interest of the United States Navy. The flight was made after dark when the moon was shining because during the day it was windy. The machine made 60 miles an hour and then slowed down to 55 miles an hour, and at an altitude of 300 feet he shut off the engine and glided 1,800 feet before striking the water on Lake Keuka.

SCENE FROM "THE HAVOC"

With Paul Gilmore at the Auditorium, Tuesday evening, Sept. 23.

More and More New Goods Arriving Each Day

And Foremost Amongst Them Are the Beautiful New Printzess Garments for Fall and Winter

In our many years of buying experience we have never seen such remarkable values as shown in the Printzess Suits and Coats. When you see the beautiful new woolens from which they are tailored, the clever styles and perfect fit, and above all, the very modest prices, you will agree with us that these garments touch the high water mark of value giving.

Then remember too that the label in the collar means a guarantee of two season's satisfactory wear.

Other new goods now here and on the way are Ladies' Neckwear, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Sweaters, Dress Goods. LaFrance and Ralston Health Shoes

L. B. FINKELSTEIN, WELLSBORO, PA.

PRIEST KILLED GIRL.

Confesses to Murder of Woman Who Was About to Become a Mother.

The most gruesome murder that has occurred in New York city since the killing of Guldensuppe was revealed Sunday when Hans Schmidt, a Catholic priest, 32 years old, confessed to slaying and cutting up the body of Anna Aumuller, 21 years old, in a flat where he was living with her.

The slain girl had been employed at the parish house of St. Boniface's church, Forty-seventh street and Second avenue, where Schmidt became acquainted with her some time ago. She disappeared about two weeks ago.

She was about to become a mother, and when this was discovered, she was ordered to leave immediately. She went at once to the priest, who placed her in the flat.

His confession clears the mystery of the torso found in the North river a week ago sewed in a pillow case, the identity of which has been a mystery ever since its discovery.

Schmidt, who lived in the parish house of St. Joseph's church, at 405 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, with other priests connected with the church, was arrested by Inspector Faurot and charged with the murder.

He broke down and in a wild frenzy [illegible] in its details that the inspector could only compare it to [illegible] of a madman. The young priest told how he had fallen in love with the pretty girl, who had been in this country only three years; how he had rented a flat and furnished it; how he had previously married the girl with a ceremony self-performed, and how finally he had entered the flat at midnight August 31, armed with a new butcher knife.

"Anna was asleep," he said, [illegible] the floor and wringing his hands. "I entered softly and she awoke and recognized me. 'Anna,' I said, 'I love you dearly. I am now going to prove it.'" He then seized her by the hair and, drawing the knife, cut her throat from ear to ear.

He then dragged the bleeding body to the little bathroom and taking a new saw, which he had purchased with the knife, he proceeded to dismember the body.

[illegible] he says in his confession, "I cut off her arms, and having laid them aside, cut off her legs close to the trunk, and in all, I made five bundles of the body."

Having cut up the body, the slayer was seized with the terrible fear of discovery. He ran about the apartment like a madman trying to think how to get rid of the bloody witness of his deed.

All night he considered then he decided definitely on his action. He wrapped the portions of the body in sheets and pillow slips and determined to throw them into the Hudson.

On the following evening he carried [illegible] fully wrapped in a pillow slip. He waited until he thought the coast was clear before descending the three flights of stairs with the heavy bundle. Having reached the street unseen he made his way to an Eighth avenue car, boarded it, rode to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, transferred to a crosstown car and proceeded to the Fort Lee ferry.

Standing on the rear end of the [illegible] in mid-stream, and then, leaning over quietly dropped the bundle into the river. Five distinct times he made the trip from the Broadhurst avenue flat [illegible] each time [illegible] body, and each time dropping it into the water. Having cleared the apartment of the most damning evidences of his crime, he was still confronted with the blood-stained mattress on which he had killed his victim.

For some time he was puzzled as to how to dispose of this bulky witness against him. Finally he carried it in the dark vacant lot at One Hundred and Forty-fourth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, and there set it on fire. A portion of this mattress is now in the possession of the police.

St. Boniface's Catholic church admitted that Schmidt is an ordained priest and was assistant there three years ago. He says himself he has been stationed also in Louisville, Ky., [illegible]

The discovery of a counterfeiter's den, which Schmidt has admitted was fitted up by him to make spurious money, has led the detectives to express the opinion that Schmidt was sane and that further investigation will develop that counterfeiting was only one of his "side lines." They declared it as their belief that he was feigning insanity after carefully thought out plans of a master criminal mind.

—Ira Sweet, of Knoxville, shot a crane along the river bank a few days ago that measured eight feet from tim to tip.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables

PUT THE EMPHASIS ON THE WORD

FRESH

That's the kind we are sending out to our customers daily

And our line of GROCERIES is FRESH and CHOICE [illegible] what's the [illegible] our many customers know that they are ALWAYS RIGHT

Hammond & Hotchkiss

NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE

THE growing demand for Schwarzenbach Beer is the most convincing evidence of its sterling worth.

The Schwarzenbach Brewing Co.

GALETON, PENNA

J. E. PEAKE, DISTRIBUTOR, WELLSBORO, PA.

Perlman's East Avenue Store

WE Carry the Most Reliable and Famous Brands of Dry Goods, Hosiery, Home Hardware and Tinware, Cigars and Tobaccos.

Our Tobaccos Are Properly Kept

And Prices Are the Same As Elsewhere

JOSEPH PERLMAN

WELLSBORO, PA.

LIKE TWO CHILDREN

Young Lovers Tracing Their Names in the Sand Uncover a Small Fortune.

BY VIVIAN [illegible] BREWER.

"[illegible] going to be married, Frank," [illegible] Maisie Lester, looking sadly at her fiance. There were tears in her big gray eyes, and Frank Rhodes felt a sudden sting of shame as he [illegible]

He was twenty-eight and [illegible] twenty-five, and they had been engaged four years. They ought to have been married long before, but Frank was what his folks called a "ne'er-do-well." He had never placed his foot upon the first rung of the ladder of success. He had been a clerk in half a dozen offices, but he wholly lacked the elements that make for financial affluence.

Had he been a poet he might have made his way, for poetry is said to be a fairly lucrative calling. But he was not even that—he was a composer by choice. He knew that the present generation would never understand his work; he wanted nothing but to have a quiet home of his own where he could farm and write his melodies undisturbed. And Maisie had that passionate longing for a country life that city-bred people feel. She was a stenographer, and between them they made exactly twenty dollars a week. Frank would have married her on that, but Maisie had enough worldly wisdom to refuse.

"No, my dear," she had said, "unless you can do something that will enable us to get our little farm we must remain unmarried. But I shall always be true to you," she added, and cried piteously. They were like two children and neither had the remotest hope of ever achieving what they had set their hearts upon.

Then Frank had had a wonderful idea. He would go west. What he was going to do in the west he did not know, but since the rainbow has a pot of gold at the far end of its arch he had a vague idea that some-

"Yes, I dropped That!"

[illegible] he would acquire [illegible] Nevada, Oklahoma or Oregon—he was not sure which. And on the following day he was to start for St. Louis, which was as far as his money would carry him. They had met on the beach—an ordinary, commonplace beach near the city, thronged by pleasure-seekers in summer, but distressingly cold and barren in this winter season. It was to be their last meeting for years—perhaps for [illegible]

"I shall always be true to you, Frank," Maisie whispered again, and clung to him; and they kissed each other as passionately as lovers do who are to be sundered for an incalculable age. They sat down side by side and Maisie traced his initials in the sand with the point of her umbrella. [illegible] tated. She stole a glance at the long, curly hair that rimmed his head under his soft hat. Poor Frank! Dearly as she loved him, Maisie knew that he would never amount to anything. But she loved him all the more for his helplessness. She felt her eyes blinking with tears again at the [illegible] whistling a melody.

F—R—A—N— she had written, and then the ferrule encountered a soft and yielding substance that obliterated the fourth letter as her umbrella point dragged it forth from its hiding place. She looked curiously upon the shapeless substance. It was waxy, something like beeswax, and as she looked at it in a disinterested way it was suddenly borne in upon her that this strange, amorphous substance, probably some sea growth, was exactly like their own natures, plastic, ready to be beaten and molded, to take any imprint that was made in it. She flung it into the air and turned to her sweetheart.

"Frank, dear, if you are to get that train home we had better be starting," she said.

He [illegible] and they clung together [illegible] for goodness knew how long. Then they turned their [illegible] the station. They were upon a lonely [illegible] of the sands, but half a mile [illegible] the board walk [illegible] the big hotels that fringed it [illegible] not wholly devoid of [illegible] figures of men and women dotted the promenade. Maisie shuddered as they ascended the slope of the [illegible] and began that desolate [illegible] through the dreary [illegible] It was like coming back from fairyland to the world of humanity again—that world which had despised and [illegible] them and had no place for them.

Frank turned and gripped Maisie's [illegible] "[illegible] because of the lack of a [illegible] miserable dollars. If I can earn two thousand dollars we will have [illegible] them I shall be able to [illegible] worth while. I know [illegible] shall succeed."

Poor Frank! Maisie looked at him wistfully. Neither of them had ever [illegible] at a time. And Frank was close on thirty. That [illegible] thousand dollars would have to drop from the skies; [illegible] ing figure with a heart like [illegible] How shabby he was! The resolution had already dwindled away. He was only a poor clerk; he would never be anything more.

They were walking [illegible] A nurse-girl wheeled two fat infants in a baby-carriage. A ridiculous-looking little man with waxed mustaches was approaching them. Probably he was earning ten times as much as Frank, thought Maisie, with a fierce hatred of him. It began to drizzle a fine, penetrating rain that blotted out the sight of the sea. Both were in the depths of misery. Maisie opened her umbrella and held it over Frank—the action was instinctive and demonstrated her unconscious maternal attitude toward him. He linked his arm through hers, but he did not take the umbrella; he was far away, composing. Even Maisie was forgotten for the moment.

Maisie heard an exclamation behind her and the fat little man came panting toward her. Had she dropped something? Probably a handkerchief. But she would make the fat little man run; it was her idea of revenge upon him for his mustaches and his absurd, prosperous look. She heard him blowing and panting. "Mees! Mees!" he was calling. He was evidently a Frenchman.

"Mees! Mees! 'Ave you dropped this?"

Maisie turned round. The little man was standing before her, and in his hand he held—that absurd mass of sea growth which she had flung away upon the beach. She must have let it fall into her umbrella, and, when she opened it, it had slipped out upon the boardwalk. Maisie felt furious.

"Yes, I dropped that," she said icily. "But it is of no value to me. Keep it, monsieur, if it interests you."

The fat little man looked quizzically at her.

"Mademoiselle is, without doubt, a milionaire?" he inquired blandly.

Something in his tone arrested Maisie's angry answer. There was a strange look in the little man's eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Ambergris," said the fat little man. "The basis of perfumes. The mos' valuable of the sea's gifts. I am a perfumer, mademoiselle. I buy heem."

"How much?" asked Maisie.

"I giv' you—t'ree t'ousan' dollars," said the fat little man.

That was the only time Maisie ever scolded Frank for whistling.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

TAKING THEIR OWN MEDICINE

Like Many Other Schemes for Revenge, This One Recoiled on Heads of Angry Hunters.

Frank Chance, [illegible] of the New York American [illegible] team, has a hobby for hunting when he is not otherwise [illegible] in [illegible] the destinies of his baseball [illegible] he loves to [illegible] in California. When Chance makes a hunting trip he is accompanied by his guests and a Chinese cook. The guests like a little dram now and then, and the cook's specialty is pastry.

These facts established, let it be narrated that the last time they went hunting the boys took a large jug of good whisky with them. They had been out three days before anyone thought to take a swig of the nectar. And then lo and behold!—two-thirds of the red ambrosia had disappeared. Investigation proved that none of the boys had been beating the others to it, so suspicion fell upon the Chinese cook. Not one of the bunch was a regular whisky drinker, so there seemed to be nothing clue to it but [illegible]

Chance decided definitely that this was the status of the case, so he gathered a lot of green persimmons, boiled them up into a puckering juice, and filled the jug with them. It was such a concoction as no mouth could stand without an emphatic protest. [illegible] will fix him," [illegible] Chance, and he awaited developments.

Next day an inspection of the jug showed that a considerable portion had disappeared. Chance immediately called in the Chinese cook. With a smile that was childlike and bland, Ah Sin protested his innocence. He [illegible] he wouldn't drink booze—not he!

"Well, where did that stuff in the jug go to?" asked Chance.

"Oh, me use him, alle right," admitted the Celestial. "Every day me makem mince pies."

Pity the Editor.

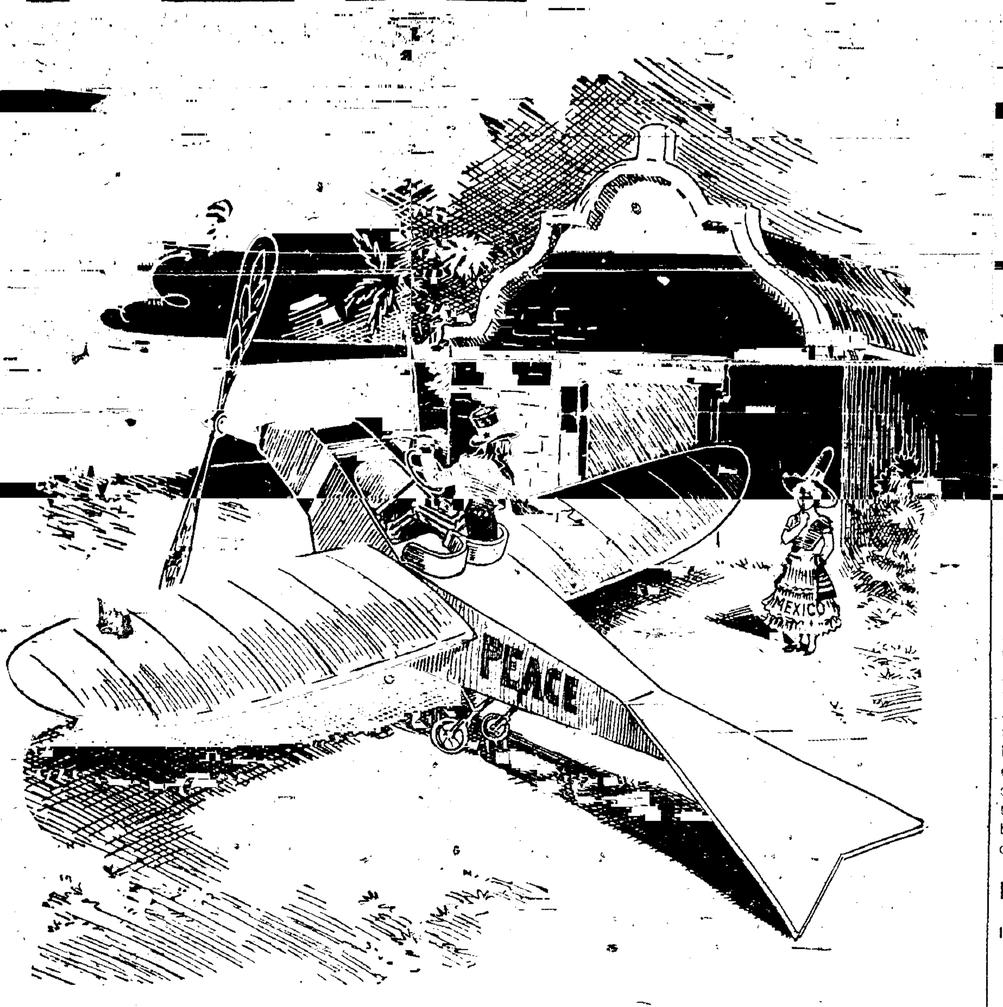
"What's the matter?" inquired the foreman as he entered the sanctum for copy, and noted the editor's swollen forehead, puffed red eye, and tattered dust-coat. [illegible]

"[illegible]," replied the editor. [illegible] with [illegible] to a paragraph in the paper before him. "It's in our account of the Crapley-Smith wedding. It ought to read: 'Miss Smith's dimpled, shining face formed a pleasing contrast to Mr. Crapley's strong, bold physiognomy.' But see how it was printed."

And the foreman read: "Miss Smith's pimpled, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast to Mr. Crapley's strange, [illegible]

"Crapley was just in here," continued the editor, throwing one blood-streaked handkerchief into the waste-paper basket, and feeling in his [illegible] pockets for a clean one, "and he but just [illegible] proof-reader here! [illegible] fight [illegible] in me yet!"

—A St. Louis (Mo.) woman insist- [illegible] the other day [illegible]



By De Mar, in "The Philadelphia Record."

"COME, JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE."

SEASON'S OUTING HATS

ATTRACTIVE AND VARIED STYLES ARE OFFERED.

Small, Close Shape Is the Best Liked—Smart Models in Sailor Designs—Ratine and Linen Combine With Taffeta.

Outing hats of this season are of many shapes and kinds and on the whole are more attractive and varied than usual. Any of the small close hats popular for street wear will serve for motoring, but it is well to have something dustproof for summer touring and many women object to being swathed in all-enveloping dark veils with or without the shields over the eyes.

A hat of burnt straw has a rounded crown of the same straw, not too high, and fitted lightly down around the head without drooping too low over the forehead. In fact, there is a little curve or dent up at the left front which adds much to the becomingness of the model. This hat is extremely light in weight, and its only trimming is a folded band and a bow of black patent leather lying closely against the hat and looping exceedingly smart against the yellow straw.

Rubber and Silk.

The sailor takes on various forms this season. One smart model is made of glistening black rubber. The hat has a shapely crown and the narrow, slightly turn-down brim is lined in red taffeta. For riding, sailor and continental shapes are the popular summer hats, but for winter and formal equestrianism the derby holds first place. English women rather like a rather wide brim derby or fine straw, and it has its merits, but it has not been accepted here.

Sailors are always in vogue for general outing wear, but the popular outing [illegible] are likely to be [illegible] scupple straws with brims that may be straped or caught as the wearer pleases.

Some good models have wide brims drooping slightly all round and trimmed simply with a band of black velvet. Other [illegible] of ornament, or perhaps the wide, soft brim merely rolls upward toward its edge at the left front and is not caught up at all.

Ratine and linen is also made up in combination with taffeta. The white ratine or linen on the outside with the [illegible] with black, blue, red or green taffeta. A fold of the colored taffeta surrounding the round shaped crown of the hat and held in place by little tabs of white material.

Manila [illegible]

An attractive and picturesque model of the felt and straw combination is trimmed around its low, flat crown with a band of [illegible] Bulgarian embroidery. The brim is wide and drooping, making an excellent protection for the sun, shore wear or canoeing on mountain lakes.

There are a great variety of bathing caps this season and the very newest thing shown in this line perhaps is the two-piece rubber cap. The cap is of tannish-colored ribbon, edged with black. There is a large, round shape, which is laid over the head, which, when placed on the head, falls in ripples around the face. A scarf of the rubber is swathed around the head, holding the round piece of material in place, and is tied in large loops and [illegible] at the sides.

The Letter.

[illegible] But why don't you open it [illegible] it!

TRY TO CONQUER TROUBLES

Seeing That It Is Impossible to Dodge Them One's Best Weapons Are *Courage and Good Cheer.*

You can't dodge them. Troubles will come to each of us, and often it does seem as though they got the habit of trailing you, so that two or three good, strong troubles will be found waiting wherever you go, bobbing up in the most unexpected places and at the most inconvenient times, writes Jessie Roberts, in the Kansas City Star.

No, we can't evade trouble, no matter what life gives us.

But you can meet your troubles in several ways, and there is where the success or the failure of life lies. If you lie down and let trouble tramp right over you you are going to lose out. There will be always more reason for quitting and whining, and less and less power to bear up bravely against the sad and disagreeable things of life.

But a trouble tackled with courage and good cheer is half conquered. There is nothing so discouraging to trouble as the thought: "Others have had to endure this sort of thing; why should I expect to escape? But at least it shan't down me."

The other day I had the chance to contrast two ways of meeting practically the same kind of bad luck. Two of my friends, working girls, were each laid on the shelf for about a week by an accident. One slipped on the pavement and sprained her ankle so that she must spend some days in bed; the other had a heavy door slam on her hand and injure it. She was a stenographer, and, of course, had to quit work for the time.

The first girl let out a general howl. Why should this thing happen to her? How she had suffered, how she couldn't afford to lose a week's pay, what a mean thing life was anyhow, and how little people sympathized with her, etc.

As for the other girl, she just laughed when I tried to tell her how sorry I was.

"We all get something," she said. "And anyhow, I needed a little rest, and I've been reading two fine books [illegible] to get the [illegible] for. I tell you it's worth while suffering a bit to find out how kind people are."

And she couldn't afford to lose money any easier than the first girl.

Saw Napoleon in Moscow.

[illegible] years to meet a person whose life spans more than a century, and has retained the use of the mental faculties. Ettel Polansky, one hundred and nine years old, and Rachel Mareno, one hundred and five years old, living in a Jewish old people's home in New York, were both born in Moscow, and remember well the French invasion of Russia, under Napoleon.

Mrs. Polansky recalls the French invaders rolling wine casks out of the burning taverns, and being marched or driven along the streets by their officers, as they were made to leave Holy Moscow by the fire, lighted or driven along the streets by the Russian patriots. She was afterwards taken by her parents to Warsaw and there again witnessed a French invasion of her country.

Mrs. Mareno also recalls incidents connected with the Napoleonic wars, and actually witnessed the deaths of many of [illegible] of the invaders.

Witnesses of Napoleon's fatal inroad into Russia are few at this date, but when found add a wonderfully vitalizing effect to history.

Counterfeit Dog.

"Does you 'member dat dawg I used to have," asked Erastus Pinkley.

"Yes," replied Uncle Rasberry. "You means dat mixed dog?"

"He was kind o' mixed; he was what I calls a black-an'-tan-dale terrier. Well, suh, dat dwag ain' brought me nuffin' but bad luck. I sold 'im to a man foh two dollars, an' de two dollahs he slipped me were counterfeit."

"What you ginster do?"

"Wut kin I do? If I shows 'im any way to prove the transaction was unlawful, he's ginter make me take the dawg [illegible]

HAS SENSE OF HUMOR

MERRY SPINSTER NOT SENSITIVE AS TO HER AVOIRDUPOIS.

Thereby Her Friends Have Been Regaled With Two Really Funny Stories Connected With Physical Help She Received.

Most stout women are sensitive about their weight. A certain large and merry spinster, to whom an accident resulting in a permanently weakened ankle has for some years forbidden her to take the exercise that used to keep her comparatively slender, is a fortunate exception. Her weight is well over 200 pounds, but she neither worries nor repines, and often entertains her friends with jokes at her own expense. It is very difficult for her to get on and off a trolley car; indeed, she cannot do so without help.

"That's all right, ma'am," a rough-looking man, who had jumped down and almost lifted her aboard, recently replied to her thanks. "Me and Bill have to carry ma upstairs every night, and ma's heftier'n you be."

"But Bill wasn't here to help, and I'm very, very hefty," she answered, smiling.

"Oh, well, I've tackled ma alone, sometimes," he admitted, "though I ain't saying that half-way up the stairs one-half my brains wasn't inventing a passenger derrick, and the other half wondering if she'd smother me, falling on top. Boosting you was nothing to that, ma'am; and there's only one step to a car."

She chuckles most delightedly, however, when she relates that, last summer, after having traveled all night, she reached, very early in the morning, a small country town, whence she was to take the stage for a 20-mile drive to a friend's mountain cottage. The station was deserted, and she was glad to accept the help of a small boy, who, with great difficulty, got her, with all her bags and bundles, into the empty stage, to which the horses had not yet been attached.

"I don't know what I should have done," she told the interested little fellow, seriously, "if I didn't happen to find such an obliging cavalier, waiting to help me when most everybody is still abed."

"Yes'm," he assented, with a wide, ingenuous smile. "I was down to see 'em unload the circus, and they let me help with the elephants and the baby hippopotamus. That's how it happened I could help you, ma'am."—Youth's Companion.

Sometimes "Place Makes Right."

Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, the famous London actor, who was knighted by the king the other day, has been telling his experiences to the pressmen of the capital of the empire. One relates to John Davidson, the Scottish poet, whose death took place under tragic circumstances two or three years ago. The knight was producing a play by the poet, and the latter was attending a rehearsal. "Presently a well-known actor came on the scene waving his arms like a windmill," says Sir Johnston. "Davidson edged up quietly to me and said: "'I suppose that will be a verra well-known actor?'

"'Yes,' I agreed.

"'And I presume he will be in receipt of a verra considerable 'honorarium?'

"I confessed he was right.

"'Then why does he wave his arms about in that extraordinary manner?' inquired Davidson, in his broad Scotch accent, adding, humorously: 'If he did that in Piccadilly he would render himself liable to be arrested!'"

Get Prompt Relief for That Cold.

The same old reliable remedy your parents used is still the most dependable and surest for coughs, colds and throat affections. Be sure and get the genuine Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pleasant to the taste contains no opiums. All druggists.

Try Pike's Toothache Drops.

HIT HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

Easier Done With Grain Crops [illegible] Than With Livestock—Animals Must Go When They Are Ready.

It is much easier, generally speaking, to hit the highest market price with grain crops than it is with livestock. There are various powerful interests that aim at certain seasons [illegible] to depress the prices of meat products and grain. The grain farmer is less at their mercy than the stock farmer, because he can, as a rule, hold his grain for a [illegible] him. The stockman cannot do this with his cattle, sheep and swine to anything like the same extent. Cattle, sheep and swine must go when they are ready for market. It is the best thing a farmer can do to sell when they are ready, that is, when they have reached a weight at which he cannot add more weight at a profit. The only advice that it is safe to give on this point is to avoid being a market chaser, and to sell fattened stock when it is fit to ship. There is a large expense connected with holding fat stock and in many instances the market goes the wrong way. Every farmer knows that with corn at, say 50 cents, he is assuming the role of a speculator by holding a bunch for a higher market, after most of the food of support and the food of gain becomes a diminishing quantity, diminished to such an extent that he cannot make a profitable increase on his stock.

REJUVENATE AN OLD ORCHARD

Increase in Size and Color of Fruit Is Very Largely Due to Judicious Use of Prune Saw.

(By S. VAN SMITH, Colorado Agricultural College.)

Our attention is being called every day to the example of some farmer with an idea, who takes a pruning saw and goes into an old and unprofitable orchard and makes it pay attractive dividends. Proper cultivation and spraying are important factors in such a rejuvenation, but the increase in size and color of fruit is very largely due to judicious pruning.

In old orchards which have been neglected the thing most noticeable is the fact that the tree tops contain too much wood; too many limbs. Many of these are large limbs which should have been cut out years ago when they were small and the shock to the tree would not have been so great, to say nothing of the saving of plant food used in the production of

Irrigated Orchard Near Montrose, Col.

this superfluous wood. One of the most valuable qualities of market fruit is good, attractive color. It takes light and plenty of it to make good color and the tree top with too many branches will keep out the sunlight and, consequently, will not produce well-colored fruit.

In market [illegible] size as well as color is important. [illegible] the tree that tries to produce t[illegible] apples will be unable to bring them to a good size. Thinning the fruit will aid very materially in increasing the size, but a good deal of work in thinning can be [illegible] wood this winter.

[illegible]

A profitable industry is being developed on many of the government irrigation projects in the production of honey, and reports indicate that this honey is superior in quality. Alfalfa is the chief source from which the bees secure their supply and as it blooms constantly from early spring till late in the fall, the bees have something to work on all the time, which allows a greater amount of honey to be stored.

The KITCHEN CABINET

RAIN

[illegible] ervwhere

New sunshine poured in larger fair,
We shall be happy now, we say:
A voice just trembles through the air
And whispers, "May,"

—Susan Coolige.

VEGETABLE COMBINATIONS.

Macaroni and celery make a most desirable combination. Cook two heads of celery until tender, after cutting in lengths of about two inches; add a quarter of a pound of macaroni, and cook an hour without stirring or until the macoroni is tender and double its bulk. The age of macaroni and its state of dryness, as with rice, will determine the length of time for the cooking. Add a cup or two of white sauce, a generous sprinkling of cheese, and serve with broiled beefsteak.

Potatoes with green peppers are a change from the ordinary boiled potato. Cook as usual, then turn them when well drained into a vegetable dish with two tablespoonfuls of softened butter and three of chopped sweet green peppers.

Italian Potatoes.—Mix two cups of hot mashed potatoes, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one egg yolk well beaten, four stiffly beaten whites, one-half cup of grated cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Pile lightly in the baking dish and bake until brown.

Greens.—The earliest spring greens are the dandelion, which is a fine blood purifier. The young and tender shoots may be dressed with oil and vinegar and eaten, or cooked until tender and served with butter, or cooked with salt pork for the fat.

Cress and spinach, cowslips and chard are all with the beet tops prepared and cooked in boiling water, except cress, which is eaten usually freshly picked and uncooked. Lettuce may also be cooked and served as a green with butter and vinegar. Greens are garnished with hard cooked eggs cut in various ways.

Beet Salad.—Cut six cooked eggs in cubes, marinate with French dressing, that is, add a few tablespoonfuls of the dressing to the beets, and let stand an hour or two. Chop the whites of four hard cooked eggs until fine, press the yolks through a sieve, make a mound of the beets and garnish with the egg.

Nellie Maxwell.

HELPFUL TO BEE BEGINNERS

One Method Which Cannot Fail to Assist Is to Give Delinquent Insects Good Shaking Up.

(By MRS. R. F. JOSEPH.)

A method I have just learned that cannot fail to help beginners in bee culture is to give the bees a good shaking when they become delinquent in their work. When you move them a short distance to prevent their going back shake them in front of the entrance of their respective hives. The most vicious bees can be made very tame by shaking. I shake them off the comb into a large dishpan. When the pan is shaken about the same as you would shake a corn popper the bees roll over in a confused mass and after a minute of shaking, rolling and tumbling they can be picked up with the hands. Handling of bees, that you do not hurt them.—

Matter of Color.

"Funny things happened in my town last week," said the chatty man in the railway carriage.

"What was that?" asked the interested individual.

"Black, a white man, and White, a black man, thought a fellow named Brown was pretty green and tried to sell him a white horse. But Brown [illegible] both—in fact, he got all the money [illegible]

"And now Black and White are blue."

Thorough Preparation.

The better the preparation of the soil the less seed will be required. Many failures in seed are not due so much to lack of vitality in the seed as to the unfavorable condition of the ground. Thorough preparation not only saves seed, but lessens the work of cultivation.

For Sale Cheap

Two-Horse Power Bates & Edmonds Gasoline Engine

Has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, newly painted and is in fine condition. Ready for immediate use. Can be seen running any day.

This engine is nicely adapted for running a cream separator and other small farm machinery. A three-barrel galvanized water tank goes with the outfit.

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FRANK CONEVERY, Editor and Propr.

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Notices on Local Page.—Ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for every subsequent insertion. [illegible] business notices [illegible] less than twenty five cents.

Double rates will be charged for figure or table work. Reasonable discounts to yearly advertisers.

No advertisement discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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DR. H. W. BAILEY,
DENTIST.
Successor to Dr. Frank H. Rose, office over Mathers & March's store, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa—Feb. 1-07.

JOHN GERKIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Over Agitator office, Wellsboro, Pa. Samples of Imported and Domestic cloths, of beautiful patterns.

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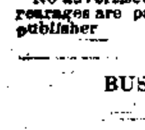
OCULIST AND AURIST.
Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses fitted. Chronic diseases. Office hours, 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m. Farmers' phone.—Jan. 9, 1913.

GET AWAY FROM THAT FROWN



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Facts Worth Knowing

When in need of high-class tailoring. [illegible] doubled our business last season. Our motto—the best is not too good for our customers, offering only the best of Foreign and Domestic Woolens in exclusive and smart styles, has proven a winner. Owing to the fact that we have no rent to pay, owning our store building, we are in a position to give high-class tailoring at a price that invites your inspection.

[illegible] BUCK
WELLSBORO, PA.
IN REAR OF THE POSTOFFICE BLOCK

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION
of the
NEW YORK WORLD

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly—No Other Newspaper in the World Gives so Much at so Low a Price.

[illegible] you will want the news accurately and promptly. The Democrats, for the first time in 16 years, will have the Presidency and they will also control both branches of Congress. The political news is sure to be of most absorbing interest.

[illegible] war in the [illegible] tinction of the vast Turkish Empire in Europe, just as a few years ago you read how Spain lost her last foot of soil in America, after having ruled the empire of half the New World.

The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody [illegible] afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the [illegible] except Sunday. It will be of [illegible] to you now. The [illegible] World also abounds in [illegible] features, serial stories, markets, cartoons; in fact, [illegible] that is to be found in a [illegible] daily. [illegible] Thrice-a-Week World's regular [illegible] price is only $1.00 [illegible] for 156 papers. [illegible] news- [illegible] Gazette to- [illegible]

CALEB CONOVER RAILROADER

A STORY OF LOVE, POLITICS, INTRIGUE, OF A RICH & POWERFUL BOSS AND AN INTREPID YOUNG REFORMER

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Caleb Conover, a Granite City railroad contractor [illegible] enormous wealth in various, devious and [illegible] his fine mansion on the [illegible] avenue in the [illegible] and his family into fashionable society.

CHAPTER II.

Caleb Conover Makes a Speech.

CONOVER had broken, that night, two rules that had for years formed inviolate tenets of his life creed. In the first place, he—whose battles had for the most part been won by the cold eye that told nothing, and by the colder brain that dictated the words of his every-day speech as calculatingly as a diplomat dictates a letter of state—he had forced himself to throw away his guard and to chatter and make himself agreeable like any bargain counter clerk. The effort had been irksome.

In the second, he had departed from his fixed habit of total abstinence. The love of strong drink ran high in his blood. Early in life he had decided that such indulgence would militate against success. So he had avoided even the mildest potations from thenceforward. To-night (his usually stolid nerves tense with the excitement of the grand cast he was making for "social recognition") he had felt, as never before in campaign or in business climax, the need for stimulant to enable him to play his awkward role. Moreover—he had his son, Gerald's high authority for the statement—total abstinence was no longer in vogue among the elect.

As soon, therefore, as he had taken his seat in the supper-room he had braced himself by a glass of champagne. The unwonted beverage sent a [illegible] puzzled brain cleared, his last doubts of the entertainment's success began to fade.

Supper was still in its early stages when a fourth glass of heady vintage champagne followed the other three. [illegible] his political followers looked on with amaze. To them the sight of the Boss drinking was the eighth wonder of the world.

The waiter filled his glass for the fifth time. After all, champagne had an effect whiskey could never [illegible]. The fifth draught (for he allowed but one swallow to the goblet) seemed to inspire him even more than had its predecessors.

[illegible] generations of [illegible] acquired a flow of language not their own, clamored for voice in this their latest and greatest descendant. Conover rose to his feet and rapped for silence. He would speak while the gift of eloquence was still strong upon him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Caleb, clearing his voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Caleb, clearing his voice and looking down the great room across the concourse of wondering, amused, or expectant faces that gently swayed in a faint haze before his eyes. "I guess you all know without my telling you, how glad I am to see you here to-night, and I want you should enjoy every minute of your evening. Some of you are old friends of mine. There's [illegible] a few here to-night that remembers me when I was barefooted Cale Conover without a dollar to my name nor any very hectic prospects of getting one.

"But there's a lot more of you here that I hadn't the honor of knowing then nor for that matter of meeting at all till to-night. It's to these, mostly, that I'm talking now. For I want 'em to know me better and like me better. Maybe if they hear more about me they will. That's why I'm on my feet now.

"I b'lieve it isn't customary to make a speech any more at parties. But you'll have to forgive me. I'm not much onto the latest frills and fashions. But give me a chance, and I'll learn as easy as a Chinaman. It came to me all of a sudden to say what I've got to say, right here and now, even [illegible] of a little eti- [illegible] entertaining you, and I hope you're all having a real good time. But I had [illegible] per- plexed. Was this the Caleb Conover they had met and cringed to in the outer world, this garrulous, rambling man with the flushed face?

"You see, I've come to be a kind of a feature of this city of ours and of the State, too. I'm here to stay. And I want that my towns-folks and my fellow-residents of the Mountain State should know me. Many of 'em do. There's a full half-million folks in this city and State that know all about Caleb Conover. They know he's on the square, that he'll look after their interests, that he's a white man. They know he's a man they can trust in their public life and welcome in their homes. And, as I said, there's a lot of these people here to-night.

"But there's a lot of other folks here who only know me by what slander and jokes they've picked up around town or in the out-of-State newspapers. It's these latter folks I'm talking to now. I want them to know the real me, not the uneducated crook and illiterate feller my political enemies have made me out. They can't think I'm all bad, or they wouldn't be my guests. Would they now? And a little frankness ought to do the rest.

"Some people say I've risen from the gutter. Well, I've risen from it, haven't I? A lot of men on Pompton Avenue and in the big clubs are just where they started when they were born. Not a step in advance of where their fathers left 'em. Swell chance they'd have had if their parents had started 'em in the gutter as mine did, wouldn't they? Where'd they be now?

"What does the start amount to? The finish line's where the score's counted. Gutter or palace.

"'A man's a man for a' that' says a poet by the name of R. Burns. And he was right even if he did waste his time on verse-stringing. Only it al- [illegible] wasn't said by someone bigger'n a measly poet. Someone whose name carried weight and whose words would be quoted more. Because then more folks might hear of it and believe it. I don't suppose one person in fifty's ever heard of this R. Burns person. (I never did myself, till I bought a Famous Quotation book to use in one of my campaigns. That's how I got familiar with the writings of R. Burns and Ibid and Byron and all those rhymer people.) Now, if some public character like Tom [illegible] or Matt Quay, or someone else that everybody's heard of, had said that quotation about a man being a man—"

Caleb paused to gather up the loose threads of his discourse. This caused [illegible] for he was not accustomed to digress, either in mind or talk, and the phenomenon puzzled him. He rallied and went on:

"But that isn't the point. I was telling you about myself. I started in the gutter, just as the 'knockers' say I did. Or down by the freight yards, and that's about the same thing. My mother took in washing—when she could get it. My father went to the penitentiary for freight-lifting when I was ten—he was a stevedore and he died there. I was brought up on a street where the feller—man or boy—who couldn't fight had to stay indoors. And indoors was one place I never stayed. I began as coal boy in the C. G. & X. elevators; then I got a job firing on a fast freight, and from that I took to braking on a local passenger run. Then I was [illegible] and then in the sup[illegible] came the [illegible] general manager, and I worked my way up till I ran the C. G. & X. road single-handed. Meantime I was looking after your city's interests. Three times as Alderman and then once as Mayor, for the boys knew they could bank on me. I got hold of interests here and interests there. Cheap, run-down interests they were, for the most part, but I built 'em up. Take the C. G. & X. for instance. Biggest [illegible] get so? I made it. It was all run down, and on its last legs when I took hold. I acquired it and—"

He paused once more, fighting back that queer tendency to let slip his grasp on his subject.

"I remember that C. G. & X. deal," whispered Greer to his wife. "He juggled shares and pulled wires and spread calamity rumors till he was able to smash the stock down to a dollar ten per. He scared out all the other big holders, gobbled their stock, reorganized, and reaped a clean five millions on the deal."

"Hush!" retorted Mrs. Greer. "This [illegible] it all to—"

"So you see," Caleb was continuing, "I've fought my way up. Every move was a fight, and every fight was a win. That's my motto. Fight to win. An' if you don't win let it be your executor, not you, that knows you lost. But the biggest fight of all was to come. I controlled the city. I helped control the State. I had all the money any man needed, and I was spending it right here in the town where it was earned. I was a successful man. But the man who's satisfied with success would be satisfied with failure. And I wasn't satisfied.

"There was still one thing I couldn't get. I couldn't get one set of people to recognize me when they met me in the street to ask me to their houses, to come to my house. Why? I don't know. Maybe they dont' know. Maybe they didn't want to know. There's a lot of things society folks don't seem to want to know. And one of those things was me. I couldn't win 'em. [illegible] 000 more's any other house in town. If you doubt it, step down to the Building Commissioner's and look over the specifications. Built it on the most fash'nable avenue, too. But still [illegible] know you!' 'Maybe it's my [illegible],' thinks I. 'Though my pile's been made a good deal cleaner than many an aristocrat's.' [illegible] ried a lady of the first families here"—a ripple of unintelligible surprise broke in on his ears, but quickly died. "What was the result? She was asked out and I wasn't. But I kept on fighting. And at last I'm in the winning stride.

"I'm not a college man myself. All [illegible] was thirty. But I was bound my son should be one. [illegible] My girl's had advantages, too, and you see the result. Do unto others what you can't do for yourself. That's worth [illegible] sometimes. And now at last I get my comeback for all my outlay.

"To-night I guess I cover the final lap of the race, or the bluest blood of Granite is—are—is among my guests here, and I'm meeting 'em on equal terms. All this talk, maybe, isn't what the etiquette books call 'good form.' But if you knew how many years I've worked for what I've won to-night, you'd sympathize with me for wanting to crow just a little."

"So," resumed Caleb, beaming about him, "I wanted the chance to let you all know me as I really am. Not what my enemies say about me. Is there any reason why I shouldn't be your friend and entertain you often? None in the least, you'll all say. It seems a little thing, perhaps, to you who've been in the game always. But it's meant a lot to me!"

He paused. There seemed nothing more to say, yet he longed to end with a climax. A glorious, dazzling inspiration came, and he hurried on:

"And now; in honor of this little meeting between friends, let me tell you all a secret. It won't be a secret to-morrow, but you can always be able to say you were the first who was told. I have at last yielded to the earnest entreaties of my constituents and friends and party in general, and have consented to accept the nomination for Governor at the coming convention."

From the proletariat fringing the walls and blocking the doorway arose an excited, exultant hum. Only the wild efforts of certain efficient, if unofficial, sergeants-at-arms prevented a mighty yell of applause. At the tables, however, the women looked bored or puzzled; while the men glanced at each other with the blank look of [illegible] jolly hunting, find themselves caught unexpectedly in a bear trap.

"I have heretofore," went on Caleb, after allowing the impression of his words to sink in, "refused all State offices. But now I feel it a social as well as political duty that I owe. And I shall be grateful to you for your honest support."

Caleb bowed, reseated himself and swallowed another glass of champagne at a gulp. He was not ill pleased with himself. He had risen merely to [illegible] Little by little he had drifted further than he had at first intended. Yet he was glad he had yielded to this un[illegible] he now firmly believed himself on a footing of friendly equality. Yes, on the whole, he was convinced of his success.

He glanced about him. The buzz of talk had recommenced. Dozens of eyes were upon him, not with the bored coldness of the earlier evening, but with curiosity and open interest. Caleb was glad.

Anice Lanier, alone, met his eye with the frank, honest, unafraid look that was her birthright, and which made her the only living person he instinctively felt he could not bully. In her look he read, now, a mute question. He could not fathom the expression.

Caleb left his place and made his way among the tables to where she sat.

"How'd it go?" he asked. "It seemed to take 'em."

"How'd it go?" he asked. "It seemed to take 'em."

"I think it did," she replied, noting the flush on his cheek and the brightness of his gaze, and wondering thereat.

"Wasn't too long to hold their interest?"

"No. They seemed interested."

"You think so? Good! Do you know, if I'd had time to think I'd rather have made fifty campaign speeches than that one. I'd have been rattled to death. But it was easier than any speech I ever made. Good climax, eh, that announcement?"

"How long ago did you make up your mind to run for Governor?"

"Think it's queer that, as my secretary, you hadn't heard of it? Well, I'll tell you. I decided it just about seven minutes ago. It came to me like a flash, plumb in the middle of my speech. I blurted out all at once that if there was a flaw in my plans so far, the governorship was dead sure to cinch me in society. Folks'll think twice before they turn up their noses at a governor. It came [illegible] A [illegible] one of them but what it wins. Why, when—"

"[illegible] the nomination?"

"Can I get it? Can I get it? Say, Miss Lanier, haven't you learned yet that there isn't a thing in the city of Granite or in the Mountain State that [illegible] Railroader, can't get if he [illegible] enough? To-night ought to have showed you that. Why, with the legislature [illegible] and the railroad system and every decent State job right here safe between [illegible] the wheel, and the little ball will drop into the governor's chair all right, all right."

The girl's big brown eyes [illegible] vaguely troubled. The reserve habitual to her when in her employer's society deepened. She thought of Clive Standish and his inspirations. What would become of the young [illegible] already desperate hope, now that the Boss himself—and not some mere puppet of the latter's—was to be his opponent?

"Yes," reiterated Conover, as he prepared to return to his own table. "It was an inspiration. And an ounce of inspiration discounts a half-ton of any other commodity that ever passed over the counter."

"What was it like?" rhapsodized Billy Shevlin at 2 a. m., as he gazed loftily upon a semicircle of humbler querists in the back room of Kerrigans saloon. "It was like the King of England an' one of them Fashion Joinals an' a lake of $4-a-bottle suds, all mixed; with a Letter Carriers' Ball on the side. And"—he added, in a glow of divine memories—"I was ace-high with the biggest of the push. If I hadn't a' been, would the Van Alstyne dame a' stood for it so civil when I treads on the train of her Sunday regalia and rips about ten yards of the fancy tatting off'n it?"

"What was it like?" echoed Mrs. Greer to a query of one of her daughters who had sat up to await the parental home-coming. "It was something clear outside the scriptural prohibition of swearing. For it was like nothing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.'"

"What was it like?" thought Clive Standish drowsily as he fell asleep. "A dozen people are certain to ask me that to-morrow. It's—her—her—eyes have that same old queer [illegible] making me feel as if—I were in church."

CHAPTER III.

Caleb Conover Regrets.

CALEB CONOVER, Railroader, was in a humor when all the household thought well to tread softly.

It was the morning after his "debut." He paced his study intermittently, stopping now and again at a window to watch laborers at work in [illegible] strings of Chinese lanterns, and carting away other litter of the festivities. A pile of newspapers filled one of the [illegible] journal was blazoned a [illegible] tion. Yet Caleb, eager as he had once been to read every word concerning the fete, had not so much as glanced at any of the papers. In fact, he seemed, in his weary pacing to and fro, to avoid the locality of the chair where they lay.

For an hour—in fact, ever since he had left his bedroom—he had paced thus. And none had dared disturb him. For the evil spirit was heavy upon Saul, and the javelin of wrath, at such times, was not prone to tarry in its flight.

Caleb's black mood this morning came from within, not from objective causes. He was traveling through that deepest, most horrible of all the multi-graded Valleys of Humiliation—the Vale of Remembered Folly. He had made a fool of himself. An arrant fool. He had drunk until he was drunken. And in that drunkenness [illegible] he had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of the very class he had sought to cultivate. His had not been the besottedness that babbles, sleeps and forgets. Even as his drink-inspired tongue had betrayed no thickness nor hiatus during his drivelling speech, so the steady brain had, on awaking, remorselessly told him of his every word.

And, over and above all, his declar[illegible]—

A knock at the door of his study broke in on the audible [illegible] contempt this last and ever-recurrent thought wrung from his tight lips. Caleb stopped midway down the room, his short red hair bristling with fury at the interruption.

"What do you want?" he snarled.

The door opened and Anice Lanier came in. She was very pretty and [illegible] frock. She carried a [illegible] of tablets whereon it was her custom to transcribe notes of Caleb's morning instructions for reference or for later amplification by his two stenographers.

"Well!" roared Conover, glowering across the room at her, "what in hell do you want?"

"To tender my resignation," was the unruffled reply.

"Your what?" he gasped, stupidly.

"My resignation," in the same level, impersonal tones. "To take effect at once. Good morning."

She was half-way out of the room before her employer could hurry after and detain her.

"What's—what's the meaning of this?" asked Caleb, the brutal belligerency trailing out of his voice. Then, before she could answer, he added: "Because I spoke like that just now? Was that it? Because I said—And you'd throw over a good job just because of a few cranky words? Yes, I believe you would. You'd do it. It isn't a bluff. Maybe that's why you make such a hit with me, Miss Lanier. You're not scared every time I open my mouth. And you stand up for yourself."

He eyed her in a quizzically admir[illegible] but unclassified natural history specimen. She made no reply, but stood waiting in silence for him to move from between her and the door.

Caleb grinned.

"[illegible] me to apologize, I s'pose?" he grumbled.

"A gentleman would not wait to ask."

"Maybe you think a gentleman wouldn't of said what I did, in the first place, eh?"

"Yes, I do think so. Don't you?"

"[illegible] sorry. Let it go at that. Now let's get to work. Say"—as they moved across to their wonted places at the big centre table, "you oughtn't to take offence at anything about me this morning. You must know how sore [illegible]"

"What's the matter?"

"As if you didn't know! You saw how many kinds of a wall-eyed fool I made of myself last night. Isn't that enough to make a man sore? And to think of it being taken down by those newspaper idiots and printed all over the country!"

He gave the nearby chair a kick, avalanching the morning papers to the floor.

"Have you read those?" queried Anice.

"No. Why should I rub it in? I know what they—"

"Why not look at them before you lose your temper?"

Caleb snatched up the Star, foremost journal of Granite. He glanced down the last column of the front page and over to the second.

"Here's the story of the show just as we dictated it beforehand," he commented. 'List of guests— Where in thunder is that measly speech? Have they given it a column to itself? Oh—way down at the bottom. 'In a singularly happy little informal address at the close of the evening Mr. Conover mentioned his forthcoming candidacy for governor.' Is that all any of them have got about it?"

"They have your pledge to run for Governor blazoned over two columns of the front page of nearly all the papers. But nothing more about the speech itself."

"But how—"

"I took the liberty of stopping the reporters before they left the house, and telling them it would be against your wish for any of your remarks to be quoted."

"You did that? Miss Lanier, you're fine! You've saved me a guying in every out-of-State paper in the East. I want to show my appreciation—"

"If that means another offer to raise my salary, I am very much obliged. But, as I've told you several times before, I can't accept it. Thank you just the same."

"But why not? I can afford—"

"But I can't. Don't let's talk of it, please."

"And every other soul in my employ spraining his brain to plan for a raise! The man who understands women—if he's ever born—won't need to read his Bible, for there'll be nothing that even the Almighty can teach him.

"But Miss Lanier, let all the routine go over for to-day. I've a bigger game on, and I've got to hustle. That Governorship business—"

"Yes?"

"That was the foolest thing I ever did. It seemed to me at the minute a grand idea as a wind-up for my crazy speech. But I guess I'll have to pay [illegible] evening. The free list's suspended as far's I'm concerned."

"[illegible] doubt of your getting the nomination?" she asked, a sudden hope making her big eyes lustrous.

"Doubt? Doubt? Say, I thought you knew me better than that. Why, the nomination's right in front of me on a silver salver and trimmed with blue ribbons. And the election, too, for that matter."

"Then—the hope dying—"why do you speak as you did just now?"

"It's this way: I've held Granite and the Mountain State by the nape of the neck for ten years. I'm the Boss. And when I give the word folks come to heel. But all this time I've been standing in the background while I pulled the strings. It was safer that way and pleasanter. That's why I've never took public office since I was Mayor. And then it was only a [illegible] I've got to leave the background and pose in the Capitol. There's nothing in it for me, except a better social position. That's a lot, I know. But I'm not so sure that even such a raise is worth the price."

"Then why not withdraw?"

"Not me! Withdraw, and be laughed at by my own crowd as well as the [illegible] No, sir! I'm in it, and I got to swim strong. The nomination and the election's easy enough. But just a 'won handily' won't fill the bill. I've got to sweep the State with the all-firedest landslide ever slidden since U. S. Grant ran around the track twice before Horace Greeley got on speaking terms with his own stride. I've got to start in right away."

"Any orders?"

"Yes. When [illegible] please send for Shevlin and Bourke and Raynor and the rest on this list, and telephone the editors I'd like to see 'em this afternoon. I'll have the ball rolling by night. Say, Miss Lanier, the campaign'll mean extra work for you. I want to make it worth your while. Come now, don't be silly. Let me make your salary—"

"I beg you won't speak of that any more. I cannot accept a raise of salary from you."

(To Be Continued.)

A Big Seahorse.

The Aquarium has now in one of its tank the largest seahorse ever seen, a specimen about seven inches in length. In the Pacific Ocean seahorses attain a length of from ten to twelve inches, but seven inches is about the limit of those found in Atlantic waters. This notable sea horse, which was a gift to the Aquarium from Mrs. B. Krausse, was taken off Atlantic Highlands on the Jersey coast.—New York Sun.

A Diver's Outfit.

Divers' boots weigh 20 pounds apiece. The helmet weighs 40 pounds [illegible] the diver carries 80 p[illegible]

Creole Gumbo

Clean a nice young chicken, cut in pieces and fry in hot lard. Add a large sliced onion, a spoonful of flour, [illegible] and a few pieces of ham. Fry all together and when brown add a quart and [illegible] hour. Season with chopped parsley, [illegible] salt, and strong pepper. Just before removing from fire, while boiling, stir in quickly a teaspoonful of powdered file. Serve hot with [illegible]

Almond Maccaroons

Slice thin one-half pound of almond paste, crumble fine with two-thirds of [illegible] looks like coarse cornmeal. Stir this gradually into the well beaten whites of four eggs. Lay out on papered tins with pastry bags and tube. Bake twelve to twenty minutes in slow oven. When cool wet under side of paper and remove maccaroons.

Cocoanut Maccaroons

Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, add gradually two cups of powdered sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder and two cups of grated cocoanut. Drop with teaspoon the size of a hickory nut on papered tins. [illegible] twenty to thirty minutes in slow oven.

Apple Ice Cream

Put two pounds of peeled and cut up apples in a saucepan; add one cupful of water, small stick of cinnamon, one cupful of sugar, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Cook quickly till soft, then rub through a sieve, and mix with two cupfuls of cream, and two cupfuls of custard. Freeze, and serve in dainty small cups decorated with large seedless raisins.

To Remove Grease

Grease may be easily and thoroughly skimmed from soup if a piece of ice be used in the operation. The grease hardens as soon as it comes in contact with the ice and adhers to it long enough to be slipped into the waiting saucer.

When making broths for immediate use this method is found to be of great service.

Chili Sauce

Thirty-eight ripe tomatoes, twelve large onions, ten green peppers, three cups sugar, one pint vinegar, one-quarter cup salt. Wash and slice tomatoes and onions, remove seeds from peppers and cut peppers in small pieces, add other ingredients, mix well and boil about two and a half hours.

Court Bouillon

Take six slices of red fish, roll them in flour, season with salt, fry in hot lard just long enough to brown on both sides, and set aside. Then fry in hot lard a large onion [illegible] and a spoonful of flour. When brown, stir in a wine glass of claret, two large spoonfuls of garlic, and parsley chopped fine, three bay leaves, a spray of thyme, a piece of strong red pepper, and salt to taste. Lastly add your fried fish and cook slowly for an hour. Serve with toasted bread.

Cucumber Pickles

One gallon vinegar, one cup mustard, one cup salt, one cup sugar. Put cucumbers in and stir every [illegible]

One-half pound dates, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon baking powder; [illegible]. Put this into a round can and bake one-half hour. Slice and serve with the following sauce: one cup sugar, one egg, one tablespoon vanilla, one-half cup butter. Just boil; be sure not to burn.

Cedar Chest

Get a large pine packing box from the grocer. Hinge on the lid and putty up the cracks. Purchase a bottle of oil of cedar from the druggist and paint the inside of the box being sure that the oil soaks into all the cracks and crevices. Use the oil plentifully and when thoroughly dry, line the box with cambric; cover the outside with any preferred material. The oil of cedar retains its odor for years and is as much disliked by moths as the cedar wood itself.

[illegible]

One-pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, three yolks of eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, rind of one lemon (grated.) four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix, roll out thin, and cut into small cookies with the following on top of each: Three whites of eggs beaten, three-fourths pound of pulverized sugar, [illegible] mix well together. Make this one hour before mixing cookie dough.

GUMBO—Gumbo is made with a wide range of ingredients, the one really necessary being sliced okra. [illegible] pieces of cooked meat as are on hand with about a quarter of a pound of raw ham; add skinned and cut tomatoes, one or two chopped onions, a finely chopped sweet pepper and one [illegible] ture is a thick soup. Add salt and pepper to taste, and from a pint to a quart of sliced fresh okras, and continue to simmer until the latter are tender. The amount of ingredients must be in proportion to the number to be served and their known tastes. When the okra is done draw the kettle to the side, where it will [illegible] cooked separately. File is the powdered young leaves of the sassafras tree, and can be bought in bottles; it is of a mucilaginous nature, and when too much is used the soup is inclined to ropiness.

Two Bankers Leave Jail on Parole.

Leavenworth, Kas.—E. N. Ditzer, of Indianapolis, and Harry Ulmer, of Chicago, former bankers serving sentences in the Federal prison here, were released on parole. Each was serving a five-year sentence. Ditzer began serving his sentence December [illegible] and Ulmer July 16, 1909.

Nice Girl.

Dick—There's one thing about Louise, the [illegible] about [illegible]

A. D. S. Princess Talcum Powder

For summer. Soft, downy and refreshing powder, very adhesive and delicately scented to impart just a dainty odor of lasting perfume. Makes the skin clear and velvety.

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Rexall Violet Talcum Powder is a favorite with all who have used it.

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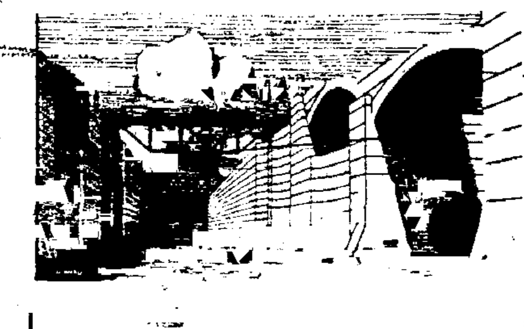

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Local Notices.

Wanted.—A chambermaid at the Hotel Wilcox. Good wages. Apply at once

Evangelistic Band.—The Wellsboro Evangelistic Band will be at Welsh Settlement next Sunday, Sept. 28, at 2:30 p. m.

Household Goods for Sale.—A lot of Household Goods are offered for sale at reasonable prices at Buck's tailor shop on Crafton street.

House to Rent.—The property known as the Field house on Nichols street. Call on or address A. B. Tome, 13 Nichols street, Wellsboro.

Wanted.—Competent single woman of mature years, to do the housework for family of two adult persons. Address or inquire of Carrie A. Dean, 13 King St., Wellsboro.—Sept.4-tf.

Taxpayers, Attention!—Receiving days for School Taxes, no discount, Sept. 25, 26 and 27, also 29 and 30. Five per cent. added Oct. 1st. Pay at N. B. Leslie's office. A. Klock, Receiver and Collector.

Stony Fork Baptist Church.—There will be regular church service Sunday mornings at 11; Sunday School following. Subject next Sunday, "Prayer." Everybody welcome. J. Irving Reese.

Church Supper.—Supper will be served at the Methodist church tomorrow evening, beginning at 5 o'clock, and will continue until all who come are served. Benefit of tennis court. Supper, 25 cents.

Fall Opening.—Mrs. Lillian Staub announces her Fall millinery and art needle work opening, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24, 25, 26. You are cordially invited to call and inspect the new things.—Sept. 18-2.

Business Block for Sale.—The wooden block on Crafton street, now occupied by the Buck merchant tailor ..., is offered for sale at a ... The actual ... is

fitted up for living apartments with all the modern conveniences. For terms and further particulars call on or address E. E. Buck, Wellsboro, Pa.

Donation and Festival.—A donation and festival will be held in the Grange Hall at Round Top next Thursday evening, Oct. 2. The proceeds to cover the balance on the salary of the pastor, Rev. O. J. Houghton. All the ladies and friends of the church are requested to furnish refreshments. All are cordially invited to make this a success, to bring up the much needed balance of salary. By Committee.

To My Friends and Patrons.—I take this opportunity to inform my friends and patrons that I have completed arrangements for closing my meat market in the Scheidweiler block on or about October 1st, and that I may now be found at the market of Frank R. Fischler, where I will be pleased to meet you and serve you in the same satisfactory manner as formerly. Soliciting your patronage, I remain Sincerely yours,
FRANK FISCHLER, Jr.
Bell Phone 63–J. Farmers' Phone 36.

Rainey's African Hunt.—With the coming of the Paul J. Rainey African Hunt Pictures to the Auditorium on Friday and Saturday evenings theatre goers will have an opportunity of seeing what is considered by the American Geographical Society and the American Institute of Natural History as the most marvelous motion pictures ever taken. Probably more than in any pictures of recent years do these films, made by Mr. Rainey in the jungles of Africa, have a genuine educational value. They should, at any rate, prove more attractive to the average theatre goer and seeker after knowledge, than any book or play could possibly hope to accomplish. Hunting big game with a camera has been one of Mr. Rainey's hobbies for years, and when he plunged into Africa with a moving-picture operator, he could hardly have expected to achieve the results that will be shown at the Auditorium, when these pictures are presented on Friday and Saturday evenings, with a matinee Saturday.

World's Base Ball Series.—The world's base ball series by electricity are scheduled for the week of October 6 at the Corning Opera House. An immense board, twelve foot square, will run off the plays as fast as they happen in New York or in the Quaker city. With a white light to represent the ball and red light to represent the players, every time Matthewson or Bender throws, the white light will flash from the pitcher's box to the plate. There are other lights on the board that indicate balls or strikes, and if the ball is hit the direction is given and also whether it is a base hit, a grounder or a fly. All errors are shown, and assists and remarkable plays. The runners are followed around the bases by the different lights. The games will start at 2 p. m. sharp.

"Ben Hur."—Spectacular magnificence, dramatic splendor and religious ecstacy are the most notable concomitants of Klaw & Erlanger's international production of "Ben Hur," which will be the offering at the Lyceum Theatre, Elmira, N. Y., Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee, Oct. 2, 3 and 4. During the fourteen years which have passed since the original presentation of this noble drama its owners have not only kept it up to its original grandeur, but have elaborated and developed the possibilities of the production each season, until today it stands unrivaled in beauty of establishment, unsurpassed in dramatic significance and power. It was the "last word" of the stage craft of the nineteenth century and into the new age it brought a bigness and perfection which will remain the standard for decades to come. Nothing more realistic than the scene in the arena of the Circus of Antioch with Ben-Hur and Messala driving quadruple teams of equine thoroughbreds contesting for supremacy has ever been imagined by a dramatist or executed by a producer. The race enthralls because on its outcome depends life, love, honor, riches to the victor, and when "Ben Hur" receives the victor's crown of wild olive, audiences applaud with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Gazette.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1913.

New Advertisements.

New Fall Goods Bernkopf's.
Base Ball Scores—L. H. Klock.
Fall Opening Mathers & March.
Coats and Suits L. B. Finkelstein.
Rainey's African Hunt A. H. Dartt.
Proclamation in Divorce L. D. Goodspeed.

Late Local Brevities.

—Mrs. Martha Austin is visiting relatives in Elmira.

—The days and nights are now of about the same length.

—Paul Landrus is home from Chicago for a two weeks' visit.

—F. A. Graham is the new foreman at the Advocate office.

—Mrs. Alice Crosby, of Coudersport, is visiting friends in town.

—Postmaster R. L. Ureil, of Mansfield, was in town Tuesday evening.

—L. W. Hart and family, of Morris, motored to this borough yesterday.

—Hiram G. Dartt, one of Wellsboro's oldest citizens, is critically ill.

—Rainey's African Hunt Pictures at the Auditorium to-morrow evening.

—Mel S. Hill has sold his house and lot on Queen street to Adelbert Karhan.

—Mrs. John Marvin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Jones, at Rochester.

—George James and family, of Lewistown, visited friends in town last week.

—Miss Sarah Keagle, of Avis, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles M. Elliott.

—Mrs. J. W. Donaldson and Miss Myrtle Toles are visiting relatives at Rochester.

—Miss Minnie Roff succeeds William Suhr as linotype operator at the Advocate office.

—Miss Edna Crans, of Detroit, Mich., was the guest of Mrs. Lovina Dartt last week.

—C. Q. Calhoun has sold his interest in the roller bolt mill to his partner, D. W. Frazee.

—Mrs. William Levengood, of Newberry, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Culver.

—Miss Mary Chandler was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Shaw at Galeton last week.

—Mrs. C. E. Philbrick, of Big Flats, N. Y., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ferd Emberger.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Sawyer, of Elmira, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Roff over Sunday.

—F. G. Nordstrom, of Jamestown, N. Y., is visiting at the home of Victor Johnson in Delmar.

—Miss Ruth Estep left Tuesday for Richwood, West Virginia, to work in E. E. Buck's tailor-shop.

—William Horam underwent an operation for hernia last Sunday. He is getting along nicely.

—Miss Edith Bailey, of Terra Haute, Ind., is visiting at the home of her father, L. L. Bailey.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Geisenhof, of Elkland, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Riebe over Sunday.

—Mrs. Jared Pratt, of Corning, spent several days with her sister, Mrs. R. B. Webb, last week.

—B. A. Gee, of Sabinsvivlle, County Sealer of Weights and Measures, had business in town Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bernard, of Penn Yan, N. Y., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Andrews last week.

—Miss Kathryn Webb, of Williamsport, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. R. B. Webb, on Water street.

—Miss Carrie McNulty, of Williamsport, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McNulty.

—The streets were in darkness last Saturday night after 9:20, on account of a break at the power plant.

—Miss Faye Davis, of Middlebury Center, has resumed her former position as clerk in the Model Dry Goods Store.

—Guy McConnell, of Brownlee, and Miss Ella Cole, of Round Top, were married last Friday by Justice O. H. Davis.

—Ivan Bernkopf and Mrs. Julia Bollinger are in New York city this week buying new goods for the Bernkopf store.

—Robert Edwards has gone to Westfield, N. Y., where he has secured employment with the Welch Grape Juice Company.

—Rosh Hoshana, the Jewish New Year, will be observed next Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2d and 3d, by several of our local merchants.

—Maybe if women had the right to suffrage it would result in getting more men out to the primaries. The vote would be larger anyway.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Johnson and daughter, Miss Charlotte Johnson, returned last week from an extended visit with relatives at Buffalo.

—Mrs. Victor Johnson, of Delmar, who has been visiting her brothers and sister in Jamestown for several weeks, returned home Tuesday.

—Mrs. Leon Harding and infant son, of Gloversville, N. Y., are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Eberenz, in Delmar.

—The candidate for office doesn't get time to recover from the scars of the primary fight until he is plunged into the battle of the general election.

—It is estimated that the potato shortage in the country will reach a hundred million bushels this season. This means dollar potatoes before the winter is over.

—Prof. G. C. Robertson, who has been spending several weeks at the home of Judge and Mrs. David Cameron, on West avenue, has returned to his home in New York city.

—State Bank Examiner Peter G. Cameron has been transferred to the Pittsburg district, where special work for the department will engage his attention throughout the coming winter.

—Cameron A. Robertson, who has been spending the summer at the home of his grandparents, Judge and Mrs. David Cameron, left on Sunday for Heightstown, N. J., where he will enter Peddie Institute.

—Mr. and Mrs. Orrin S. Rumsey and daughter, Marion, of Oxford, N. Y., and Mrs. Floyd S. Leach and son, J. Edward, of Bristol, N. Y., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Rumsey, of Bacon street.

—The local fishermen welcomed the rain of Sunday, as the creeks will be high for a few days and the streams will be cleaned of scum and slime which had gathered because of the low water.

—Mrs. Helen Hamilton and son, Robert, left Monday for Atlantic City, where Mrs. Hamilton will teach in the school connected with the North American hospital. Her sister, Miss Anna VanValkenburg, is employed as matron at the institution.

—Byron B. Holiday, of Elmira, died at his home in that city last Thursday after an illness of several months duration. He is survived by his widow and two sons, also his aged father, Byron B. Holiday, Sr., a former resident of Wellsboro.

—Frank Fischler, Jr., who has conducted the meat market in the Scheidweiler block for several years, has become associated with his father in the market in the Siemens' block and will close the Scheidweiler market on or about the first of next month.

—Mrs. H. W. Darrin and Miss Ruth VanValkenburg entertained a number of their friends at luncheon Saturday. Mrs. W. L. Shearer and her sisters, Mrs. Darrin and Miss VanValkenburg, gave a bridge luncheon at the Edfred Place on Tuesday afternoon.

—Mrs. James Wilson, aged 69 years, died last Saturday afternoon at her home on Tioga street. Death resulted from a complication of diseases. She is survived by a sister, Mrs. Lovina Dartt, of this borough. The funeral was held from the home Monday afternoon.

—For the Five County Firemen's Convention the Wellsboro committee collected $1,078.50, and paid out $930.36, leaving a balance of $148.14 to be turned over to the treasurer of the local fire department. Usually the balance is on the other side.—Montrose Republican.

—Farmers in this section lament the fact that the heavy rain of Sunday was not distributed over the previous three or four weeks to save the corn crop, which gave promise of being a bumper one, but, in this neighborhood at least, needed more rain to aid in the process of maturing the kernels.

—Assessor Francis A. Veil, of Blossburg, had business at the county seat Tuesday. In speaking of the primary election last week Mr. Veil stated that out of the 58 Democrats enrolled at Blossburg only half that number voted at the primary—29 votes being cast for W. J. McEntee, the home candidate for Sheriff.

—Last Sunday an excursion train from Beech Creek to Watkins Glen, the last of the season, stopped at Wellsboro Junction on both trips. During the short stay of the excursionists at the Junction—about 15 minutes each stop—they disposed of 900 sandwiches and 20 gallons of coffee, together with pastry and fruit, at the restaurant, from which Mr. Rogers realized the handsome sum of $113.

—Motion pictures have furnished much in the way of interesting entertainment to the public in the course of the past few years, but never before has Wellsboro people been afforded an opportunity to witness a more remarkable collection than those which were taken of Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt, to be presented at the Auditorium on Friday and Saturday evenings.

—Now that the trial of officials of the Bayless Pulp & Paper Company, indicted for involuntary manslaughter in connection with the breaking of a dam at the company's mill at Austin in September, 1911, as the result of which 82 people were drowned and $1,000,000 worth of property was destroyed, has again been postponed for the 'steenth time, it is reported that the defendants have offered the flood sufferers $275,000 if they will drop all suits, and have been met with a counter proposition for $300,000.

—There was a disposition on the part of many local residents to regard the heavy rain of Sunday as an equinoxial one, but knowing ones ridicule this idea and assert that there is no scientific basis for such a belief. The average farmer differs with those weatherwise persons who do not believe in the equinoxial tradition. Annually about this season of the year a stormy period occurs, and a great many people like to believe that the equinox has something to do with it.

—The prolonged and disastrous drought in this section was broken Sunday by the heaviest rain in years. Nearly three inches of rain fell from early in the morning until late in the afternoon. It is said to have been the heaviest rainfall in this section of the State since 1894. The storm raised the creeks and filled the springs, and these things will be godsends to the farmers who were feeling the continued drought. Many had been driving cattle long distances to water because everything was dry.

—Wellington T. Phelps, aged 45 years, of Elmira, died Monday night about 11 o'clock at the home of his mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Wilson, of King street, after a prolonged illness. Several years ago he was injured about the head while working on the D. L. & W. railroad at Elmira and had never recovered from the effects of the injury. Since that time he had been gradually failing in health. The deceased was twice married and he is survived by his second wife and a daughter by his first wife, Miss Mildred Phelps, of Washington, D. C.

—As announced by the advance press notices, "The Havoc," as presented at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening, was a tense, gripping drama, built upon the story of a duel of wits between an injured husband and a treacherous guest in his home. The cast of characters was composed of four only—the fourth character appearing in a minor part in the last act. Paul Gilmore in the leading role was well supported by the other two characters—his divorced wife and her husband. The general criticism prevailed that the play was "very suggestive" and then ...

A Pretty Fall Wedding.

A quiet but very pretty wedding occurred last evening at 6 o'clock when Ross R. Fischler, of Hammond, Ind., and Miss Hazel Mildred Piercey were married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary Piercey, on Crafton street.

The impressive ring service was observed by Rev. Claude G. Langford, the officiating clergyman. The ceremony was performed under an arch of asters, the bride being given away by her brother, George Piercey.

The bride wore a pretty suit of brown bedford cord with hat to match. Following the ceremony, which was witnessed by only a few relatives of the contracting parties, an elegant wedding dinner was served. The house decorations were green and pink.

Mr. and Mrs. Fischler left on the north bound train at 8:34 for Hammond, Ind., where a newly-furnished home awaits them. They take with them the best wishes of their many friends.

The bride was the recipient of many handsome and useful wedding gifts, consisting of cut glass, china, silverware and linen.

Mrs. Sol. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blanchard, S. H. Ridge and daughter, Miss Bertha Ridge, of Covington, were among the out of town guests.

—A 15-year-old lad of Clearfield county pointed a gun at his 13-year-old brother, saying, "Look out, I'm going to shoot." He pulled the trigger, and when the gun went off the younger brother was killed instantly. "He didn't know it was loaded."

—Old newspapers for sale at this office. Fifty for 5 cents.

AUDITORIUM TWO NIGHTS

Friday & Saturday, Sept. 26-27

MATINEE SATURDAY

THE WORLD'S GREATEST EDUCATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT

PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT

A Graphic Lecture of the Largest Big Game Hunt in the World.
Illustrated by the Most Startling Motion Pictures Ever Taken.

An expedition of over 350 men spent a year in the depths of the African jungles, and braved death from fever and wild beasts in order that this wonderful entertainment might be presented.

PRICES 25, 35 and 50 Cents

SEATS NOW ON SALE AT HOWD'S DRUG STORE

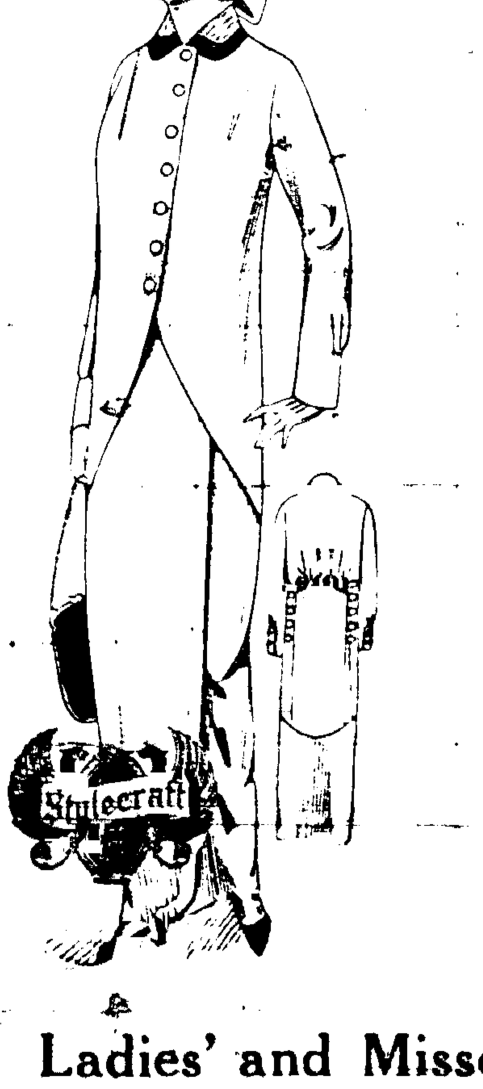
Example of Compound Interest

The Windham City Savings Bank in Connecticut recently had a bank book brought in that they had not seen for nineteen years and on which no money had been drawn or deposited since 1871. In that year $800 was deposited. Compound interest had increased the $800 to $2,300—$1,500 clear velvet to the depositor, money he did not have to turn his finger over for. This illustrates the wonderful power of compound interest. After you work for your money, your money works for you.

THIS IS THE FIRST INSTITUTION IN TIOGA COUNTY TO START A COMPOUND INTEREST SAVINGS ACCOUNT FOR ITS DEPOSITORS

Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.

Fall Opening at Style-Craft Store



Saturday, Monday and Tuesday

September 27, 29 and 30

Are the days we have set aside as SHOW DAYS to exhibit to the women of Wellsboro and vicinity the smartest style creations for Fall and Winter wear.

You Are Cordially Invited

To call on one of the above dates to see and try on the beautiful new garments here shown. If you are interested in knowing "what's what" in style this season, you will spend a half hour or more at this interesting exhibit of

Fashion's Finest Finery

Practical women who are interested in making their clothes money go just as far as possible, will be especially interested in the remarkable values we are offering. After an inspection of the garments and comparison with those shown elsewhere, you will surely make up your mind to come here when you get ready to buy.

Ladies' and Misses' Coats, $6 to $40
Ladies' and Misses' Suits, $10 to $40

MATHERS & MARCH

WELLSBORO, PA.

The Gazette.

WELLSBORO, PA.

FRANK CONEVERY, - Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1913.

In the opinion of officials of the State Department at Harrisburg two weeks will elapse before the results of the primary balloting for the two places on the Superior Court bench will be definitely known.

The Japanese government now has two cruisers and several torpedo boat destroyers in Chinese waters, and these were sent notwithstanding the acceptance of the Chinese government of the Japanese demands in principle.

A report filed at Washington by W. H. Phipps, auditor of the Philippine Islands, makes the startling charge that slavery exists in the Islands. It cites details of many cases of boys and girls sold into slavery at prices ranging from $60 to $100, and that heads of savage families sell their daughters and regard the practice as a right.

In a road gutter of the north of London a workman picked up one day last week the famous lost necklace of pearls, which in some manner was stolen from the mails in transit from Paris to its London owner several months ago. Since July a reward of $50,000 had been offered for its recovery. It was thought that the persons who had stolen the pearls had begun to fear arrest.

Jacob Wolfson, who was arrested in Philadelphia last Saturday on a charge of larceny, confessed to the police that he strangled Miss Schumacher to death four years ago near Rochester, N. Y., when she rejected his advances at the graveside of her father and sister. He buried the body in a shallow grave in a nearby wood. He was never suspected until after being arrested, when he voluntarily confessed the crime.

Schmidt, the arch-murderer under arrest in New York city, says there are many persons in the world who would be better off out of it, and he might have added there are many whose passing would better the world. He is in the latter class. To escape removal by due process of law he is contributing to the development of a sickly sentiment that would spare him, and that is calculated to mislead the alienists. He deserves no mercy.

The first shipment of refrigerator beef from Argetine arrived at New York a few days ago for distribution in the American market. Also, there was placed in bond pending the passage of the tariff bill the first cargo of butter from Siberia. Reports are to the effect that over five million dollars' worth of butter is in cold storage awaiting the winter trade. Its average cost to the retailer will be about 28 cents, and the consumer will pay whatever local conditions warrant the dealer in charging.

Detectives in going through the effects of Schmidt, the self confessed murderer, are strengthened in their belief that he had planned many other murders by finding complete sets of health department blanks necessary to dispose of bodies, from death certificates to undertakers' permits. Advices received from abroad seem to bear out the contention of the New York authorities that Schmidt and Muret, his accomplice, are related. It is thought now the men are cousins.

A Washington dispatch says that State Department officials have decided that lack of funds that could be applied legally to such a purpose made it imperative that the department decline to defray the expense of returning to Yaqui Valley, Sonora, the American refugees who recently arrived at Los Angeles with complaints that they had been scared away from their homes and property by President Wilson's warning to Americans to leave Mexico. It was pointed out that the money recently appropriated by Congress was for the express purpose of bringing refugees out of Mexico and could not be diverted to send malcontents back.

It will be time enough to seriously consider the creation of a debt for road making when we have a State Highway Department that can and does build roads that will last; roads that are permanent improvements and when we have a State administration that is for the people; one that wants to know and wants the people to know all that is to be learned about good-road making. The present administration does not want the people to know, as Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer has pointed out, or it would have accepted the offer of the United States of $100,000 to be expended in making rural delivery roads in Pennsylvania, under the supervision of Federal ex- [illegible] road making.

After one of the hottest political fights in the history of Potter county, Judge John Omerod won the nomination for judge over A. S. Heck by a plurality of 68 votes. Of the 3,500 voters cast, more than two thousand openly protested against the re-election of Mr. Ormerod as judge. Nelson L. Allen, of Galeton, was the third candidate. Under the new primary [illegible] the contest was in no sense a partisan affair. The name of all candidates for judge appeared on a separate ballot, and if any of the candidates received fifty-two per cent. of the vote his name alone would go on the ballot in November. The close race between Ormerod and Heck [illegible]

William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, will not stop lecturing as a result of criticism. Trembling with indignation, Bryan in a public statement last week replied to his critics and declared that he would lecture for pay whenever he deemed it desirable. He declared that the criticism aimed at him since he went on the Chautauqua circuit has been no more bitter than he has encountered in his many campaigns. "No man should enter public life who is afraid of being criticised," declared Bryan. "I regard lecturing as an entirely legitimate field. The total income from my Chautauqua lectures this year has been a little over $7,000, the net receipts being something over $6,500." The Secretary's anger was occasioned by published reports that he had decided to leave the platform because the people believed he should remain in Washington and do the work for which he is paid $12,000 a year.

Reports have been widely circulated to the effect that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, leader of the militant women, while in this country, would speak in Philadelphia and in other parts of Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association went on record long ago as being utterly opposed to militantism. She has not been invited by the association to speak in this State, and will not be. All things considered, the suffragists of this State regret her coming to the United States at this particular time. Mrs. Pankhurst is essentially an anarchist, with no ideals of womanly dignity, a fanatic and a freak. She is not so much the leader of a great cause as the inciter of mobs and Jezebels. When she is not engaged in plotting and committing crimes she is either a fugitive from the police or an inmate of prisons, to which she carries the atmosphere of the furies. The United States should not afford even temporary sanctuary to persons of the Pankhurst type.

BRYAN ON THE TARIFF.

Lowering of Duties Will Increase Production and Make Wages Higher.

In a recent interview on the Underwood-Simmons tariff bill, since it was passed by the Senate, Secretary Bryan said that the revision of the tariff will enable the people of the United States to live better and cheaper. It will have a tendency to increase rather than decrease the wages of American workers.

To the threats of certain manufacturers that wage reductions will follow the enactment of the new law, Mr. Bryan made this terse answer:

"If they could have reduced wages, they would have done it long ago. They do not pay wages as a matter of charity. They pay wages because they have to. If the reduction of the tariff results in lower prices, as it certainly will, it will create a demand for products, and this demand will create a demand for labor. The tendency will be to increase wages rather than decrease them."

Asked what effect the new tariff will have on the industrial stories of Philadelphia, Mr. Bryan said:

"I do not care to localize the discussion. I do not know how much tribute Philadelphia has been collecting from the public, and cannot, therefore, tell how much profits she will have to give up. She cannot lose any more by the lowering of the tariff than she has taken by the raising of the tariff."

"What effect will the tariff have on the country in general?" the Secretary was next asked.

"I believe," he said, "it will increase production by reducing prices. In the case of woolen goods it will also improve the quality. People hereafter will wear woolen goods, where before they have worn shoddy.

"The saving to the people will be very large—much larger than the decrease in revenue, provided, of course, the manufacturers added the tariff to the price of homemade goods. If they did not add the tariff, they will not have to reduce their prices now."

"Will the tariff revision decrease the cost of living?"

"It certainly will decrease the cost of living to the people, and they can buy more than they do now. It is likely that with lower prices they will buy more. They will be able to live both better and cheaper."

When asked if changed conditions under the new law result in the shutting down of mills, as predicted here and elsewhere, Secretary Bryan replied:

"The closing of mills is a political rather than an economic diversion. You will find that some firms that close up are exporting and selling abroad in competition with the world."

THE OFFICIAL FIGURES.

Over 5,000 Voters Failed to Cast Their Ballots at the Primary Election.

The returns of the vote in this county at the recent primary election were officially tabulated at the County Commissioners' office last Saturday and showed that the total vote polled in the county was 3,179, as against 8,108 at the presidential election last fall. The total vote for the respective candidates for county offices follows:

REPUBLICAN PARTY.

For Sheriff

Thomas H. Turner	959
T. M. Archer	890
J. Alta Cady	194
J. Elmer French	67

For Jury Commissioner

Charles Weeks	852
Robert G. Heyler	845

WASHINGTON PARTY.

For Sheriff

Evan P. Rees	1,208

For Jury Commissioner.

Richard D. Jones	907

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

For Sheriff

William J. McEntee	443

For Jury Commissioner.

Ed. D. Taft	196
William H. Ramsdell	140
Joseph H. Parker	133
William D. Aylesworth	60

The Prohibition party polled only nine votes in the county.

—Only $3.00 for the Buffalo Daily [illegible] Gazette for one year

BETTER MAIL SERVICE WANTED

Wellsboro's Banks Petition Postmaster General for Relief.

As a result of the frequency with which the morning mail from the south has missed during the past six months the First National Bank and the Tioga County Savings and Trust Company have united in a petition to the Postmaster General for a relief from a condition which is highly unsatisfactory to the people of this section of the State. It is said that during the period mentioned the Philadelphia mail has missed 39 times out of 171.

This mail, which includes the morning papers, comes from Philadelphia by way of the Pennsylvania road to Williamsport, and is there transferred to the Pennsylvania division of the New York Central for the train which starts at 7:10 each morning.

There is only a short time, about ten minutes, from the scheduled arrival of the Pennsylvania train and the departure of the Central carrying the morning mail, which includes the Philadelphia papers, for all of this section. The Central train waits five or ten minutes for this mail when necessary, and then is obliged to leave without it if the Pennsylvania train is late or the transfer is delayed. There are main line connections at Lyons, N. Y., which the Central train must make.

Every time connections are missed at Williamsport the business men do not get the mail which they should receive at 10 a. m., until 4 p. m. On the rural routes the Philadelphia papers are delivered twenty-four hours late, and if the delay of the mail is on Saturday, the rurals do not get their papers until Monday.

If the Pennsylvania train could be started ten minutes earlier, or the mail could be sent by the Reading Railroad to Williamsport, obviating the transfer, there would not be much cause for complaint.

Additional Court News.

The Commonwealth in the Miller case, from Liberty, closed at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The defendant, sworn in his own behalf, denied emphatically having ever had carnal knowledge of the prosecutrix and further that on the evening of June 26th, when the transaction is alleged to have occurred, he spent the entire evening at his boarding house, three-quarters of a mile from the Miller home, retiring early in company with several other men who boarded at the same place. These men, however, are all at present without the jurisdiction of this court and could not be had as witnesses. He denied every material allegation in the story as related by Miss Miller, thus producing, in connection with the corroborative evidence on the respective sides, a marked discrepancy which the jury was called upon to reconcile.

All first week traverse jurors except those engaged in the above case were discharged yesterday morning.

The grand jury, having disposed of all the business brought before them by the District Attorney, made their regular visit to the county buildings yesterday afternoon and their report will be published next week.

—For the death of her husband, a Central fireman who was killed when the engine of a passenger train ran off a derailing switch near the Erie bridge in Corning a year ago, Mrs. Miller, of that city, has just received $8,600 in settlement of claims for her husband's death. The New York Central Railway Company paid $5,600 to settle Mrs. Miller's claims and the Brotherhood of Railway Firemen paid $3,000, the amount of the insurance money carried by him.

Magazine Bargains.

Don't forget I want your magazine subscriptions. I have all the magazines, singly or in clubs. I agree to meet or beat any special offer.

AGNES C. WETMORE.

Sept. 11, 1913-tf. Wellsboro, Pa.

Live Stock Wanted

At the stock yards in Wellsboro. Highest market price paid for veal calves, hogs, lambs, bologna cows and beef cattle. Next shipment Sept. 27th.

LOUIS RESNICK,

Feb. 20, 1913-tf. R. D. 6, Wellsboro, Pa. Farmers' Phone 11 A.A.

Live Stock Wanted.

Highest market price paid for sheep, lambs, veal calves, bologna cows and beef cattle delivered at the Wellsboro stock yards. Next shipment, Saturday, Sept. 27th.

J. H. HOWE,

Tioga, Pa.

Sept. 11, 1913-tf. Farmers' Phone

Proclamation in Divorce.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA. To FIDELLA GRIFFIN WOODHOUSE, greeting: Whereas Marion A. Woodhouse did on the 17th day of May, A. D. 1913, prefer his petition to the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Tioga, Pennsylvania, praying that for causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony entered into with you, the said Fidella Griffin Woodhouse. We therefore command you that setting aside all manner of business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge at Wellsboro, at the Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the said county, on the fourth Monday of October next, to answer the petition or libel of the said Marion A. Woodhouse, and to show cause if any you have, why the said Marion A. Woodhouse your husband, should not be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony agreeably to the Acts of General Assembly in such case made and provided. Hereof fail not.

Witness the Honorable David Cameron, President Judge of our said Court at Wellsboro the first day of September, A. D., 1913. Edson J. Catlin, Prothonotary.

LYMAN D. GOODSPEED,

Sept. 25, 1913-4t. Sheriff

REDUCED FARES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Low Colonists' Fares

to the West, Southwest, Colorado, California, British Columbia, and Pacific Coast Points, September 24th to October 9th.

Co[illegible]

Corporations Defy the Law.

As announced elsewhere some of the tanneries in Tioga county continue to pollute the streams in defiance of law, which causes a correspondent to well and truly remark that "This defiance of law by corporations to increase their dividends already large, and making public nuisances of the waterways has been a crying shame for years, but the tanneries have seemed too strong, until lately, to force to obey the law, thereby carrying out the impression which many people hold that the law is to be obeyed if you are poor and defied if you are rich."

—George E. Graff, manager of the Sun and News Company of Williamsport, has announced that he has acquired control of the company and will be responsible hereafter for the policy pursued in the newspapers published by it, the Daily Sun and the Tri-Weekly Sun and Banner. Mr. Graff has been a lifelong Democrat. He was manager of the Sun while it was the leading Democratic newspaper in this Congressional district prior to its purchase about ten months ago by a group of wealthy men interested in the publication of the Evening News, Republican. The name of the News has been dropped.

—Mrs. Diantha Tubbs, widow of the late John Tubbs, of Osceola, died at her home in that place last Wednesday morning. She had a wide acquaintance in that section of the county and was much esteemed by all who knew her. She is survived by three daughters: Mrs. F. J. Seely, of Osceola; Mrs. W. G. Humphrey, of Elkland, and Mrs. Joseph Oakden, of Lindley. The funeral services were held from the home Friday afternoon.

—Earl Herrington, of Osceola, died at his home in that place last Saturday after an illness of several months. For a number of years Mr. Herrington resided on his farm in Woodhull, about three miles from Osceola, but on account of failing health he moved to that place a few years ago. He is survived by his widow and one son.

—The total Indian population of the Dominion of Canada on March 31 last was 104,956. In addition there were 4,600 Eskimos, making a native population of 109,556.

BEN FRANKLIN SAID

Save a little of thy income and thy hide bound pocket will soon begin to thrive and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite—nor will nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. HE WAS RIGHT

Just plain, common horse-sense ought to teach every man that Franklin was absolutely right, just as sure as two and two make four. Creditors cannot insult you, nor can Want press you if you have prepared for them by having something in the bank; besides, your money is SAFE in the bank, not only from fire or burglars, but from your own extravagance.

Do YOUR banking with US

WE PAY 3½% INTEREST

IN OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

First National Bank

OF WELLSBORO

The Oldest and Strongest Bank in Northern Pennsylvania

WORLD'S SERIES Base Ball Scores by Innings

Watch the Score Board in Front of My Office or Call on Either Phone

I will receive the scores of the games as played by innings by wire and will be glad to give them to the public.

L. H. KLOCK : It's Time You Insure With Klock

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables

PUT THE EMPHASIS ON THE WORD

FRESH

That's the kind we are sending out to our customers daily

And our line of GROCERIES is FRESH and CHOICE, and our prices—buf what's the use—our many customers know that they are ALWAYS RIGHT

Hammond & Hotchkiss

NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE

Perlman's East Avenue Store

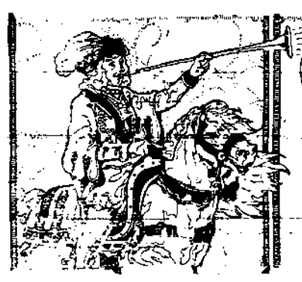
WE Carry the Most Reliable and Famous Brands of Dry Goods, Hosiery, Home Hardware and Tinware, Cigars and Tobaccos.

Our Tobaccos Are Properly Kept

And Prices Are the Same As Elsewhere

JOSEPH PERLMAN

WELLSBORO, PA.



Announcement

FIRST DISPLAY OF

New Fall Goods

OUR BUYERS are now in the city purchasing goods at the country's fashion centers. The splendid Fall stocks of Suits, Dresses, Coats, Waists, etc., which they have purchased are arriving in daily shipments, and the display is already sufficiently extensive to please any woman who inspects it.

These stocks were bought with an intimate knowledge of the tastes and preferences of our patrons. Our buyers are fully aware of the character and style of apparel demanded by the patrons to whom we cater. Every style tendency of the Fall and Winter fashions is given representation in this display. No good style has been omitted, and only the most correct and approved styles have been included.

Your early examination of these fine stocks of Fall apparel is earnestly solicited. You will not be expected to purchase, but are welcome to "look around" at your pleasure.

It pays to trade at BernKohl's

A Grain of Hope

By Hero Maxwell

It began at an afternoon party, where, as usual, people were feeling more or less bored, and were getting on one another's nerves.

The rooms were too warm, to begin with, and everyone would congregate in the corner by the ices, so that the music-room was [illegible] deserted, and the girls were [illegible]ly annoyed at finding themselves warbling to a few stragglers.

"I am so sorry for Lady Dunstan," said Mary Beresford to the man who had just been introduced to her. "I am afraid we are not treating her well. Don't you think we had better go and listen to a song?"

"I would rather not," he answered, "but I am at your command. Only, will you do me a favor afterward?"

She looked surprised.

"Certainly, if it is in my power," she assented civily. "What is it?"

She was looking very comely and [illegible] and white dress of some diaphanous fabric; and there was an atmosphere of pleasant repose about Miss Beresford that people appreciated without analyzing it.

It had never occurred to her to marry anyone. She was well off, she had no near relations, and she had reached the age of thirty-three while still possessing the charm which was hers at twenty-six.

"And so you are romantic?" asked Mary.

"I am afraid, man, 'and I have an intense yearning to tell someone about it. Will you let me confide in you?"

"You must let me know your name," she said. "If you are going to tell me the story of your life. I didn't catch what Lady Dunstan said."

"Lawrence Home," he replied, "and I have just met my fate."

"Really?" Mary's amused glance swept over the crowd around them, and rested on a girl with straight, clear-cut profile and dark hair, to whom [illegible] remembered Mr. Home had been talking when their hostess divided them.

"I see you are trying to guess who is the dea ex machina," he said, "but I want to begin from the beginning. Won't you let me off the song, Miss Beresford, and come to the balcony over there?"

"It is very unprincipled," said Mary, wavering. "Lady Dunstan asked us to go to the drawing room."

"Principles can be carried too far," he argued. "Let us be selfish for once and choose the balcony."

"And so you are romantic?" asked Mary, when they were ensconced in a shady corner.

"Not at all by temperament," he assured her; "but I have become so lately. I saw a lady at a concert, and felt so attracted by her that I paid no attention to the music. Since then Chance has willed that we should often be within speaking distance of each other—in the street, in a room, at an entertainment—and the attraction has grown with every meeting; so that when I have received an invitation lately, I have said to myself, 'I wonder if She will be there?' She with a capital letter."

"And you feel that your fate is sealed?"

"For better or for worse—yes," he said. "I am sure she is the one woman in the world for me; but she may not have the same feeling. In fact, I know for certain that she has no feeling of [illegible] or [illegible] no consciousness of ever having met me before.

"So my only hope is to see her constantly, and that is not so easy as it sounds. For, with the exception of our hostess, we have no mutual friend I am aware of, at whose house I might meet her."

"Oh, yes," said Mary hastily; "I know Miss Matthews quite well. She is coming to lunch with me next week."

"Is she?" he asked eagerly. "And you will ask me, too? But that is [illegible] you."

"Not at all, I shall be very pleased. Romance [illegible] engagement in these prosaic days. She is a charming girl.—Ethel Matthews. I have known her quite a long time.

"Good-bye," she said. "I have an early dinner engagement and I must go now. Don't forget—lunch at two o'clock."

"You haven't given me your address."

[illegible] jewelled case and gave it to him.

"2, Mayfair Mansions," he said. "Thanks, I shan't forget, and I am most grateful."

The little "square" luncheon party at Mayfair Mansions was decidedly a success. Sir James Hart was a rising diplomat—indeed, one might say that he was a rich one—and he talked even better than usual, because he was anxious to please Miss Beresford.

Ethel Matthews who was accustomed to demand and receive admiration with a coolness that is characteristic of the latter-day young woman, accepted Mr. Homes attempts to be agreeable graciously, and they were quite friendly by the time that they arrived at the Grafton Galleries.

Mary Beresford, watching the progress of the little romance with a thrill of [illegible] that was half pleasant, and yet had a touch of odd sadness in it, decided to see the thing through, and later, she invited both Ethel and Mr. Home to dine with her the following week and do a play.

It was very nice and civil of Mr. Home, she thought, to manage a call on her in between the two festivities, and she received him with [illegible] cordiality.

They drifted into talk about themselves, and she learned many interesting things concerning him, so that they seemed like old and intimate friends when they parted.

The theatre party promised well at the commencement; for the fourth man was a steady-going, middle-aged Member of Parliament, a widower, with pronounced views, and Mary [illegible] him in order to give the romance [illegible] to develop itself.

Yet presently it seemed as if something had gone wrong. Ethel Matthews was distinctly initiating the widower in the early stages of the art of flirtation; while Lawrence—piqued no doubt—betrayed a desire to take refuge from her neglect with Mary.

She was surprised to find that she was full of indignant sympathy for Lawrence—for, after all, love disappointments are very usual occurrences; and that she was actually taking a dislike to Ethel because that fickle young person had deserted Mr. Home for the widower.

"It is charming of you to take it so well," she murmured to Lawrence, when he begged the privilege of driving home with her; "but, of course, you must not let it become a real quarrel. You must insist on seeing Miss Matthews to Eaton Terrace."

"But she has already arranged," he said, "that our honorable and worthy friend should be her escort. I should not like to intervene."

And a moment later Miss Matthews settled the point herself by departing with the widower, and taking a very brief and chilly farewell of Mr. Home.

As Mary drove with him toward Mayfair Mansions, she was trying to think of appropriate words wherewith to console this blighted lover; but she found it so difficult that when they had reached the flat she was [illegible] nothing, and could only endeavor to convey her sympathy by a lingering hand-clasp.

"May I not come in for a moment?" he said. "I have something important to say to you."

She gave a gracious assent.

"I have been looking forward to this evening more than I can say," Lawrence began. "Will it bore you if I refer to my romance?"

She turned to him with tears of earnestness shining in her eyes.

"Of course it will not bore me," she assured him. "I cannot express to you how sorry I feel, how sincerely I sympathize with you. But I think that Miss Matthews"

He interrupted by taking her hand.

"Need we talk about Miss Matthews?" he said, while the smile and the twinkle in his eye transformed his face. "It is such absolute waste of time. I would so much rather talk about you, Mary."

"He read something that encouraged him in her eyes."

She was so astonished for a moment she could not speak, and he drew her a little nearer to him by the passive hand he held.

"I cannot wait any longer," he said. "I very nearly told you that I loved you on that first day on Lady Dunstan's balcony, but I did not venture to for fear of being banished and losing my chance. It has seemed an [illegible] since then, and to tell the truth, I was getting so bored with Miss Matthews that I am afraid I showed it. Mary, I have loved you from the first moment that I saw you, don't send me away."

"[illegible] true. It must be a mistake. You told me"

"I told you the truth," he said, and captured the other hand. "And you, with your delightful lack of egotism, decided that my ideal must be Miss Matthews. Mary—Mary—can't you care a little bit for me?"

She did not answer for she was still too much amazed both at him and at herself, to be able to speak, but he read something that encouraged him in her eyes for he lifted her hand up to his shoulders, and bending said softly:

"[illegible] is a grain of hope for me, Mary give me one kiss."

And Mary did.

Lightning as Cure.

When a man is struck by lightning in nine cases out of ten it is either "kill or cure," for, though many deaths occur as a result of lightning stroke, marvelous cures of infirmity are often effected by the same means.

The other day the papers reported [illegible] for three years being struck by lightning. For some time he was unconscious. When he regained consciousness he found, to his delight, that he could hear once more.

In another case lightning was the cause of the restoration of sight. For some time, owing to age and infirmity, a man had lost the sight of his right eye. He never expected to regain it. Walking along a common he was caught in a thunderstorm; the lightning struck him, but, far from doing him bodily harm, he found, when he had got over the shock, that he could see with his right eyes as well as with his left.

Needle in Woman's [illegible]

ESCAPED LIKE THAW

John Armstrong Chaloner Fled From New York Asylum.

After Millionaire Has Announced Strange Beliefs His Family Had Him Adjudged Insane—Husband of Amelie Rives.

New York.—The sensational escape of Harry K. Thaw, the millionaire slayer of Stanford White, from the hospital for criminal insane at Matteawan, N. Y., recalls the romantic [illegible] story of John Armstrong Chaloner, or Chaloner, as he chooses to call himself.

Chaloner is the great-great-grandson of the first John Jacob Astor. He was a blue-blooded aristocrat, scientist, author, millionaire and social lion. He formerly was the husband of Amelie Rives, the authoress, now the Princess Troubetzkoy.

Chaloner was a devotee of the occult, studied closely the psychic which has since come into better repute, was a Buddhist, went into trances and traveled the world over in search for adventure.

His family wasn't partial to his vagaries and in 1897 succeeded in having him adjudged insane in the supreme court of New York and committed to the Bloomingdale asylum by the testimony of several experts, among whom were Dr. Austin Flint, the expert of New York, who testified in all the criminal proceedings against Thaw.

His sensational escape from the asylum four years later, after he had got into secret communication with his lawyers, despite the regulations of the institution, corresponds to that of Thaw in many respects.

The escape was planned for months in advance. Chaloner won the confidence of the management by slow degrees. In time he was allowed to leave the grounds unattended. He learned the train schedules at the neighboring stations.

Under an assumed name he corresponded with a friend who often met him and provided him with money. Thanksgiving eve, 1900, he walked ten miles to a station, boarded a train and landed in Baltimore.

There he immediately placed himself in a sanitarium under the constant observation of a specialist. He [illegible] and was in hiding nearly a year. Meanwhile, half a dozen times, bodies were found and identified as that of Chaloner, the escaped monomaniac.

After a year's treatment in Philadelphia Chaloner went to Albemarle county, Virginia, the home of his former wife, where he established his legal residence. Then he appeared in a Virginia court one day with a mass of expert testimony and had himself declared legally sane. The courts of South Carolina subsequently [illegible] his case and approved the judgment of Virginia.

Thus Chaloner lives today on "Merry Hills," his Virginia plantation, declared sane by two states and at liberty to go any place in the country save New York, where his status still is that of an escaped lunatic, and where his family waits to have him cast back into an asylum cell.

For sixteen years he has fought with extraordinary cunning and the power of his great wealth in almost every court in the country to establish his mental integrity. A suit for the recovery of $1,500,000 held for him by a court's committee in New York on the ground that he is insane still is pending.

YOUTH SAVES TWO IN HOUR

Boy Rescues Girl Whose Brother Rocked Boat, Then Swimmer in Distress.

Newburg.—Twice within one hour Oswald Doll, twelve years old, of New York, saved the life of a girl older than himself in Orange lake.

Fannie Mongolde, thirteen years old, of New York was playing in a boat with her brother when the boy rocked the boat and the girl fell out. Unable to swim, she would have drowned had not Doll been attracted by her cries. The girl drew him under water, but he succeeded in getting her ashore.

The lakeside was still ringing his praises when Helen Crook, thirteen years old, of this city waded beyond her depth. Her cries again attracted Doll and he rushed to her rescue. The girl disappeared under water before he managed to get her and brought her ashore. The girl was unconscious when taken from the water.

Storing Celery.

If your celery is to be stored and held for late marketing it will keep better if not blanched too much in the field. Soil drawn up about the plants will help make the stalks straight and the plants compact, so they will store without necessary loss of space, but it is a mistake to try to complete blanching before storing.

WON $1, BUT LOST HIS LIFE.

Negro Eats Drinking Glass to Buy Ring for His "Best Girl."

Brooklyn, N. Y. Samuel Van Dorn the eighteen-year-old son of Abraham Van Dorn, a retired [illegible] of Rockaway [illegible] died in Brooklyn [illegible] had been suffering, but only this week [illegible] peritonitis. The last thing he said was:

"Dad, I bet Jim Smith a month ago that I could eat a drinking glass. He bet a dollar that I couldn't. I won my bet, and my dollar's spent, so what do I care if I do die."

Van Dorn bought a ring for his "best girl" with the dollar.

One Sausage Casing 78 Feet Long.

Carey, Ohio.—Truman C. Keller, a farmer near this village, when butchering his hogs, made a sausage from a single casing that is seventy-three feet and nine inches long. It was taken from a hog that weighed 327 pounds.

Odd satin and taffeta coats in habit shape were in great favor at the recent [illegible] of [illegible]

ANNETTE'S SACRIFICE

And How Her Lover Circumvented a Plot to Ruin Her Father.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"It can never be—I cannot marry you, Mr. Tyson."

The words seemed to sound the death note to all the fond hopes of Burt Tyson. The pretty, peaceful garden, the lovely maiden beside him, great ambitions he had cherished—all [illegible] to depart from oasis sweetness to the dreary barrenness of a sterile desert.

It was a certain pleading, longing expression in the true, tender eyes of Annette Saxton that checked Burt from going away then and there. An earnest touch of her trembling hand detained him.

"But you must not desert us," she went on winningly. "Surely we are friends? My father has grown to look for you and would miss you sorely. Oh, we are both of us so grateful for all you have done for us!"

"It is nothing, it has been a pleasure, a business training," declared Burt in a manly, honest way. "Miss Saxton, I shall not annoy you—"

"Oh, never that!" insisted Annette.

"Then—embarrass you. It would have been sweet delight to me to know that your interest in me would urge me to build great dreams on my small start in life. Perhaps some day, later—"

But Annette shook her head sorrowfully and murmured, "You are so worthy of some one stronger than I as a guide and a helper. Please, please—"

Her eyes filled with tears and he saw that he was giving her pain. Manlike he wondered at it, manlike he did not read between the lines and understand that her very interest in him was the cause of her deep suffering, and of a repression and a sacrifice he did not fathom.

It was well for Annette that just then there was an interruption. From the wing of the house where Mr. Saxton had his study and work room there came a quick call:

"These Papers Have Been Tampered With."

"Oh, Mr. Tyson, I must see you at once!"

Annette gave Burt a beseeching look. It seemed to ask that he be indulgent with an old man's fancies, it expressed a grateful shade of feeling that was pathetic, and then as Burt left her side there shadowed the bonny face two subdued emotions—patience and despair.

John Saxton was an inventor. Formerly he had been superintendent of the great Walworth Motor Works, a mile distant. He had made some improvements on one of their specialties for which the company had promised him a large reward. They dishonestly repudiated the contract, and he left their service. Since then he had spent a whole year perfecting a new [illegible] which would be the last word in its particular line, if it met the expectations. The company had heard of it and had made him overtures. He declined to treat with them, although all his surplus money had given out and even the question of daily bread was really a distressful problem for the family.

Burt was in the employ of an architect. He had known Mr. Saxton for a long time. It was Burt to whom Mr. Saxton had entrusted the drawing up of the plans and specifications of his new invention. These Mr. Saxton had been going over for a week, intending to transmit them to the patent office at Washington. Burt found him pacing his study in a state of the greatest excitement.

"Mr. Tyson," he announced, "I am in deep trouble and distress. Some one entered this room yesterday morning while Annette and I were absent, took the plans of the new motor attachment from my desk and copied them."

"Copied them," repeated Burt in amazement.

"Yes—photographed them. Let me show you," and the old inventor with trembling hands spread out a roll of documents. At once I noticed they had [illegible] but only this [illegible] splotches of photographic ink on one of them. Do you see?"

"Yes," replied Burt, slowly inspecting the disfigured document in question. "These papers have been tampered with."

"They have been copied as I say, and for a purpose," insisted Saxton, with rising agitation. "It means ruin to me. Don't you understand—Walworth!"

"You suspect the Walworth company of this wicked act?"

"Suspect? I know!" fairly shouted Saxton. "Listen: a poor, unfortunate fellow whom they deluded and let go, as they served me, took to drink. I found him down to the very verge of wretchedness some time ago and helped him as best I could. He straightened up and got work at a new place. He came to me secretly this afternoon, to inform me that through a friend at the Walworth plant he had learned that today the people there sent on their application for a patent on the very device I have been working on for so long. Don't you see? They have stolen my patent, they are robbing me for a second time!"

"Then, even if you got your papers into the mail at the very earliest moment tomorrow morning, they would be a day ahead of you?"

"I am too late, I see that," said the inventor, dejectedly.

"Give me those papers!"

It seemed as if a sudden brilliant inspiration had come to Burt. He had arisen to his feet, his eyes glowing, a quick flash of excitement on his face.

"What are you about to do?" began the inventor bewilderedly.

"[illegible] think I see a way to circumvent those Walworth plotters yet."

Then Burt was gone. He passed Annette, lingering at the gate. She noted his agitated manner, his urgency.

"My father—" she faltered.

"He will tell you all," explained Burt, hurriedly. "He is the victim of a cruel, wicked plot. I am going to save him, if I can."

"Bless you!" came the audible benison, falling on his ears like sweetest music. Ah! if he could but have heard the whispered words that followed: "Oh, my love, my love—and I dare not tell you!"

Just at daybreak next morning Burt Tyson was at the nearest city. An hour later he had the wires east going in his behalf. It cost him nearly all the two hundred dollars he had saved up to send a long message to a close friend, a young lawyer in Washington.

Word for word he wired the specifications of the Saxton patent. Technical description of the details followed. In fact, all that was necessary to furnish a shrewd, prompt man with the information to secure a patent, were at the other end of the line before business fairly began in the capital city.

At noon that day Burt received the following dispatch from the friend he knew he could rely upon:

"Drawings, papers and application filed. Caveat granted and later applicants shut out."

The story was all over the town [illegible] Burt was at the Saxton home when an emissary from the Walworth works offered a small fortune for the valuable patent they had tried to steal.

Again Annette stood at the gate as he left the house. Again her grateful soul tried to impart to him the emotions his noble fidelity had aroused.

Something in her eyes held him, some latent hope drove him to speak once again of the love in his heart that could never die out.

"It was only that we were so poor—it was only because I felt that you were worthy of some one not so humble—" she began.

He checked her utterance with a kiss.

"My peerless one! My empress!" he said ardently. "Oh, greater and holier is the happiness of knowing that you loved me all of the time!"

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman)

Millennium Club.

Millennium! One way to bring about the millennium is to have nothing to do with any article of food or clothing that is produced by the torture or death of a living thing. A company of women in Boston organized upon this platform as the Millennium club has aroused considerable interest among manufacturers and importers. The members have pledged themselves to eat no meat, to wear no kid gloves, leather shoes, slippers or belts, aigrettes, wings, quills or shell combs. But in making no distinction between things tortured or things killed for food or clothing the club blunders. The millennium does not come in this way. If some things in this world were not being constantly killed their survival and rapid multiplication would be productive of anything else but a millenium for the higher orders of life. Swat the fly and crush the snake and smoke the mosquito to death.—Leslie's.

The Pet Dog's Tribute.

A Devonshire newspaper, in reporting the funeral of a lady of title, states: "Floral tributes, one from the deceased's pet dog, with the inscription, 'Fond love from Gertie. To Dear Mother.'"—London Evening Standard.

VERIFY IT

The Proof Is In Wellsboro—Almost at Your Door.

The public statement of a Wellsboro citizen is in itself strong proof for Wellsboro people, but confirmation strengthens the evidence.

Here is a Wellsboro citizen who testified years ago that Doan's Kidney Pills relieved sick kidneys and now states the cure was permanent. Can any sufferer from kidney ills ask better proof? You can investigate. The case is right at home.

F. C. Ettner, 12 Hastings St., Wellsboro, Pa., says: "I do not hesitate to confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills which I gave for publication two years ago. My kidneys troubled me for months and there was a constant, dull pain in the small of my back. I also suffered from headaches and dizzy spells and felt tired and languid most of the time. There was no doubt as to the cause of my ill health and when Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I decided to use them. I procured a supply at H. L. Blatchley's Drug Store and they soon effected a complete cure. Since then I have had no recurrence of kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

HORSE THAT KILLED HIMSELF

Animal Got Blue, Waded Into River, Lay Down and Died, Says Farmer.

Montclair, N. J.—Frederick J. Minor of 106 Midland avenue, who returned from a canoeing trip on the Passaic, relates what he believes is a sure enough case of suicide by a horse.

Near the town of Beaufort, Mr. Minor saw a farmer draw a dead horse from the river, where it is only two feet deep. He asked the farmer what had caused the horse's death.

"Suicide, sir," said the farmer. "That horse simply walked into the river and drowned himself. He was ambling around this morning as spry as [illegible] nothing wrong with him. Later, however, he seemed to be afflicted with the blues and moped about. Then I saw him go down to the river and look all around. He lay down in the water, and when I got there, I'll be hanged if he hadn't drowned himself. I tugged and hauled, but when I got him out he was dead.

Mr. Minor asserts that it was impossible for the horse to drown unless he wanted to, for the river at the point in question is too shallow.

BACHELOR TAX WOULD HELP

Considerably Over Million Men Would Have to Pay In Great Britain.

London.—If the British legislature were to follow the French proposal of a tax on bachelors over thirty years of age, 1,146,571 men in England and Wales would be liable to it, according to the last census returns.

The proportion of bachelors to married men is steadily increasing, and there is a growing tendency to postpone the age of marriage. The County of London contains 81,196 bachelors between the ages of thirty and forty.

Sneezing Kills a Woman.

Newburg, N. Y.—Mrs. Philip Kober of this city died in St. Luke's Hospital here as the result of a violent attack of sneezing some days ago. The sneezing was continued until it produced [illegible] in the middle ear and this caused an abscess on the [illegible]

CALLS ON GIRL VIA THE ROOF

Young Gotham Suitor Who Drops In at 3 A. M. Is Arrested as Burglar.

New York.—Fred Arnitz, who boards at the Young Men's Hebrew association in East Ninety-seventh street, has been [illegible] Miss Pauline Hopper, a maid at 149 East Ninety-second street, for some time. About three o'clock in the morning he went to the roof of [illegible] doors east, lowered himself to the next roof with a rope, then descended through the scuttle of the house where his sweetheart resided.

His journey had aroused tenants and soon police reserves were on hand. In the basement of the house in which Miss Hopper lives Arnitz was found [illegible] for a warrant. He was taken to a police station, charged with burglary, after Miss Hopper had identified him. She said she did not care for any three o'clock calls.

Cure for Mosquitoes.

London people have discovered or adopted, rather, an agreeable way to keep their houses free from flies and mosquitoes. They burn sandalwood, which has a pleasant odor, but one which is disliked by these summer pests. The idea has been imported from the Orent, where it has been used for many years.

The sandalwood can be bought at almost any Turkish or Japanese importing house. It is prepared for burning by being cut up into pieces about half an inch thick and three inches long, and then baked or dried in a slow oven for twenty-four hours. A piece of the wood is then lighted and placed in a metal urn. After it has become well aflame the flame is extinguished and the red ember left to smolder until it is all consumed and only a small heap of fine gray ashes is left.

Water Wagon Noje.

A rain of make-believe snakes intended to throw a scare into the dear girls was one of the features of the Philadelphia bachelors' ball. The scare was probably confined, however, to some of the bachelors.—Pittsburg Press.

—The North American and the Wellsboro Gazette both one year for $3.00.

IN THE BATH

Before retiring use with water and insure a restful night.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

It Refreshes

(ALL DRUGGISTS)

Contains 30 Per Cent. Pure Sulphur

Tested and Analyzed by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Dr. H. W. Wiley, Director.

C. N. CRITTENTON CO., Manufacturers, New York

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 50c.

EXCURSION TO Niagara Falls

Sept. 25 $5.30 Round Trip

Return limit, October 9

For time of trains and further information consult New York Central Ticket Agent.

THE growing demand for [illegible] Beer is the most convincing evidence of its sterling worth.

The Schwarzenbach Brewing Co.

GALETON, PENNA

[illegible] DISTRIBUTORS, WELLSBORO, PA.

GETS BRIDES MIXED

Bridegroom on Honeymoon Trip Gets Into Wrong Sleeping Car Section.

By H. M. EGBERT.

Their wedding had been a very quiet one, just at their own request. Cynthia Merry and John Roberts had been engaged for more than two years before he could afford to marry, and something of the sedateness of married life had already settled down on them. Then a sudden promotion with a considerable increase in John's prospects. The future looked rosy.

John was thirty and Cynthia twenty-six. There had been no wild romance associated with their engagement. They loved each other fondly, but they were under no illusions.

"We must have no fuss, no wedding party, and, above all, no foolish pranks or rice throwing," John said on that evening when he brought Cynthia the engagement ring—that they could be married quietly and decently. Her parents were dead and she lived alone in a boarding house. There was no one to give her away. John was assisted by Charlie Murtaugh, his best man. The marriage was performed at noon in a little uptown church, and immediately after the couple left for the station, en route for Florida, where they were to spend their honeymoon, John having obtained a month's leave of absence for that purpose before taking up his new duties. Cynthia wore a plain traveling dress at the ceremony and John a business suit. Charlie accompanied them in the carriage to see them off, and there was no rice throwing on the part of anyone.

"Do you know, dearest, Charlie seems more flustrated than you do!" said Cynthia, smiling, as the carriage rolled away. Charlie certainly looked perturbed, and John who was in the secret, smiled at Cynthia and whispered that he would explain the cause when they were aboard the train. The truth was that Charlie was secretly engaged, and the part that he had [illegible] morning, instead of being, as it was, a rehearsal, had shattered his nerves when it brought him the realization of the ordeal which he was shortly to undergo. He was fidgetting nervously with his watch.

"Well, we'll make the 1:14 with ten minutes to spare," he said.

"The 1:14!" exclaimed Cynthia in horror. "Why, it is the 1:04, Charlie!"

Charlie had misread the time-table. And the next through train would not leave until night. John bawled to the driver to whip up his horses, and the vehicle dashed into the station with two minutes to spare.

Charlie was fumbling nervously in his pockets, and his face was the color of chalk.

"I can't find the tickets," he stammered.

"Then I'll get some more, you chump," yelled John, and made a dash for the ticket office. Happily there were no purchasers there, and it was only the matter of a moment to procure two more tickets and dash with them to the section. As he drew up to the train he noticed Charlie wandering aimlessly about and looking for him. Outside he saw Cynthia's brown face and veil. John brushed Charlie aside and ran toward Cynthia, who was just getting aboard the train. Her husband helped her up and followed her into the reading-room section, turned round, and slammed the door.

"Well, thank God we pulled that off, dearest," he exclaimed, and a scream awakened him to reality. The lower half of the section was not Cynthia but a stout woman, who was now sitting up in amazement and consternation, the curtains pulled back. Charlie had jumped on the platform, leaving two tickets in his hand and shouting furiously.

No, this girl did not in the least resemble Cynthia, except for the brown hat and veil and a certain simplicity of gait and figure. Cynthia was a blonde and this girl [illegible] a decidedly brunette. Cynthia's hair was gold [illegible] this girl was [illegible] "willowy," and this girl was [illegible] well, plump.

"What are you doing here?" she [illegible] in terror, which John's flushed [illegible] dishevelled appearance [illegible] warranted. "Help! Help!"

The door was burst open and a man [illegible] in. He was at least three inches [illegible] than John, and athletically [illegible], if one might judge from the [illegible] muscles about his chest and [illegible] He strutted between John and [illegible]

"I can't find the tickets."

"I'm perfectly willing to explain my presence here, sir," answered John hotly, "but first I must find my wife. She is aboard this train. God help us [illegible] Help me to find her, [illegible] then we'll have the explanation."

"I'm willing to give you every opportunity," answered the other. "Suppose you let me see the number of that ticket in your hand." He took it from John. "E. 7," he said [illegible] "E. 7. According to this ticket your wife ought to be in the next compartment."

He flung the door open and called the conductor. "Is there a lady in E. 7?" he asked.

"No, sah," answered the man, grinning. "E. 7 is vacant, sah."

"But let me explain," cried John, [illegible] mortified. "I only bought that ticket five minutes ago. Of course E. 7 is empty. They wouldn't have sold the section to me if it hadn't been. I was almost late for the train and left my wife on the platform while I bought that ticket. My former number was—G something."

The other watched John make this bored explanation with a cynical smile.

"I certainly want you to have every opportunity to explain why I found you in my wife's section," he said [illegible] "G is there a G section on this train?"

"Yes, sah, right behind," answered the darky.

"Then suppose we go there," said the athletic man, linking his arm in John's. "G—what did you say?"

"It was G 11 or 12," said John. "I'm not sure which. But if my wife isn't there you'll find one of those sections empty. But she must be there," he added eagerly. "Come on, in heaven's name."

They passed through the section and the next one was G. The door of 12 stood open and an enormously stout lady was standing there, fanning her burning face briskly.

"No, no, this is not she," cried John, seeing the expression of sarcastic interrogation upon the other's face, and turned across the aisle to 11. The door was locked.

"Conductor!" shouted John. "Who is in this section?"

The man came hurrying along. "I guess it's empty, sir," he said, producing a key and opening the door. [illegible] of any occupant. The stranger turned to John.

"Will you take your thrashing here or back in Section E?" he asked, buttoning his coat across the chest.

"[illegible] and take it wherever you like, and give you as good as I get," John answered. Then suddenly his eyes lit upon two figures that had entered the car. "There she is!" he shouted exultantly.

The women in horse hats and veils looked [illegible] John's wife, the other the strange woman, and both were radiant with smiles.

"[illegible] falling upon his neck. "Just think! That horrid Madame Rameses sold Julia precisely the same hat that she sold to me, and she charged forty-five dollars for it because she said that it was an exclusively Parisian design. O, I haven't told you. What do you think! This lady is Julia Devoe, an old school-chum whom I haven't seen for goodness knows how long."

"Julia Sayles since this afternoon," said the double, blushing charmingly. "Harry and I were married at 12 o'clock at the—"

"Harry!" exclaimed Cynthia, and she took the tall man by the shoulders and swung him round hard so that he faced her. "Harry! Harry Ross!" she exclaimed.

"You, Cynthia!" he muttered, and all the athletic valor seemed suddenly to have gone out of him.

"Where have you been all these years, Harry?" exclaimed Cynthia. "Never mind, you shall tell me afterward. Just think, John," she continued to her husband, "if that silly old Charlie Murtagh didn't put the tickets in my traveling bag, after all."

"Charlie Murtagh!" exclaimed Julia. "A stout young man with a pink face and a whitish-brown mustache, blue eyes, high forehead, and wears striped ties to match his socks?"

"Know him?" cried Julia. "Why, he is to marry my sister Annie two weeks from Wednesday!"

"I know," said Harry Ross, "that we'll convert that prize-battle into a couple of cigars while the ladies adjust their relationship. What do you say, Mr ——?"

"Roberts," said John. "I think all things considered, that your solution will afford peace with honor to all concerned."

"My, but I'll have something to say to Charlie when we get back from Tampa," mediated Cynthia.

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

Two Good "Child Stories."

Childish naivete and simplicity are the same the world over, and in all climes and quarters result in similarly amusing and appealing results. A recent book of Mark Twain reminiscences recalls the beloved humorist with some delightful child stories of his youthful and unspoiled girl friends. One of these, Angel Fish, Dorothy, was especially rich in apt retorts.

"Dorothy," Mr. Clemens reported himself as having exclaimed upon one occasion, "I think you so much that I think I will have to eat you up."

"[illegible] Mr. Clemens," the smiling child, instantly, "you would miss me so!"

Another time Dorothy was eating her breakfast egg, and Mr Clemens, pondering in characteristic manner, remarked:

"Isn't this egg a wonderful thing, so curiously made, so marvelously constructed! I wonder how it all came about!"

"Why," was Dorothy's practical decision, "eggs are just made to keep the hens busy, of course!"

"What do you want with this immense knife?"

"That's a hunting knife. I'm going [illegible] Want something suitable for [illegible] advice [illegible] take [illegible] write about the green cheese and the man in the moon, but that [illegible] only [illegible] it harder to try [illegible]

OPEN PEACE PALACE

Dedicate at Hague Building for Great Arbitration Court.

Many Nations Donate Materials for Structure, Which Cost $1,500,000, and Was Donated by Carnegie —Four Men Are Honored.

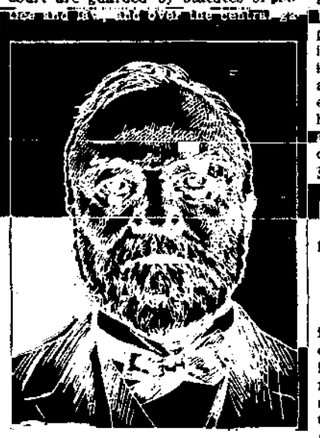
The Hague, Holland.—The palace of peace was dedicated with impressive ceremonies here. It is the gift of Andrew Carnegie, who in 1903 placed at the disposal of the Dutch government [illegible] as expressed in his offer, "of erecting and maintaining at The Hague a court-house and library for the permanent court of arbitration established by the treaty of July 29, 1899."

To provide for a site for this, the first structure ever erected for such a purpose, the Dutch government appropriated [illegible]. The site is in a section of wooded and hilly park stretching from The Hague to Schevengen. The corner stone was laid July 30, 1913.

A world-wide competition for plans and designs for the peace palace was established, and the first prize was awarded to M. Cordonniere, a Brussels architect. The building as completed, however, does not represent the original plan, the Carnegie committee having reserved the right to modify all designs. With M. Cordonniere's plans for a foundation, Mr. Van de Steur was appointed to carry out the modified design and remained in direct control of this work until the completion of the building.

The palace of peace as completed does not represent any precise style of architecture, but it is regarded by architects as one of the most impressive of modern buildings to be seen in Europe. Rectangular in shape, it forms roughly a square 85 yards by 86 yards, and incloses a beautiful formal garden. On three sides the building constitutes the courthouse, and on the fourth or west side are the quarters of the library. The facade of the [illegible] floor is adorned with statues, the figures representing science, agriculture, art, navigation, commerce, industry, conscience, eloquence, will-force, study, authority, humanity, constancy and wisdom.

All the main windows of the great court are guarded by statues of [illegible] and above the central gate-



Andrew Carnegie.

ble above the main entrance stands a figure of peace, hands resting on the hilt of a sheathed sword, around which are swathed scrolls. Just below, over the corridor, stand two lions.

All the statuary, however, is not confined to the symbolic. Four men have been honored by busts. These are Hugo Grotius, who has been called the pioneer of international law; King Edward VII., Sir Randall Cremer and William T. Stead, the English writer and peace leader who perished on the Titanic. The bust of Cremer was a gift of the International [illegible]

[illegible] which forms the main entrance, is illuminated from a group of stained glass windows, showing peace shedding rays of light on art and science, land and sea, commerce and industry. While on the left and right are other stained glass windows depicting the ancient Dutch [illegible] and above these are companion panels of terror and death.

The great court is an imposing hall about [illegible] feet long by about 40 in width, and rising to the height of the palace. It will accommodate about 300 persons. At the head, facing the bench or presiding officer's chair, is an enormous arched stained glass window. To one side of it is a draped figure of justice holding a scale, and to the other one surveying herself nakedness in a mirror. Over the throne is a huge oil painting, a gift of France. To the left of the main hall are the arched galleries for the use of the public. The walls are paneled with oak, and the ceiling is of embossed oak in wonderful designs.

Little Essay on the Moon.

The moon is certainly one queer proposition. Scientists say it is nothing but a crusty, worn-out homeless vagabond of a sample [illegible] the times poets call it a cold, ghostly pale, passionless something or other, that helps out a poetic description of the scenery. The truth is the moon is nothing but a big ball of sentimental hysterics and just chases around drumming up marriage licenses. Any fellow can dodge making a proposal until he is alone with the fair doll on a fine moonlight night, and then he tumbles just like Humpty Dumpty. Another queer thing about the moon is it gets full just as regular as clockwork and goes along just as steadily as ever. It is supposed to belong to night, but [illegible] day you can look up yonder and see it swooping around the blue just as though it owned it. Yes, the moon is a queer proposition.

COAT AND SUIT OF TAN SPONGE

Both in Cut and Materials Particularly Effective for the Young Girl's Wear.

A particularly becoming coat suit of sponge for a young girl is offered here as a suggestion. Tan sponge was used for the [illegible] coat and turned-back cuff of the same material in white. A broad, stiffened belt of [illegible] velvet holds the blouse [illegible] of the [illegible] effect above the belt, while the lower coat portion shows the cutaway influence. Buttons of black velvet with attendant buttonholes are placed just outside the shaped collar of white. [illegible] between knee and hem.

"TUB" MATERIALS IN PLENTY

Among the Many Offered There is Ample Opportunity for Selection of Pretty Frock.

The tub frock has included washable voile in its materials this summer, and that dear old fabric has arisen from its ashes more delightfully useful and ornamental than ever, [illegible] makes the prettiest frocks for those who want something fairly thin, washable, that will wear a decent time, and which will look nice to the last. The washing crepons, among other popular materials, always look smart if well cut and worn, [illegible] in my opinion, the most useful frock of all is of the handkerchief type, plain cambric, or batiste with little hemstitched colored edges. It is extraordinary how adaptable this type of frock is; simplicity being the order. It can be worn with the most country cut of [illegible] or by the addition of a not too elaborate [illegible] peau of a more afternoon description (still holding to the simple note), and the possible finish of a frilled collar and elbow cuffs, or a set in old embroidery [illegible] it can be pressed into service for a far more important occasion. All the foregoing is to the address of the young person, and not to that of her mother—or even grandmother!—these fair ladies having a way of taking to themselves [illegible] to the ingenue as a matter of course nowadays unless [illegible]

HANDS NEED NOT BE ROUGH

Even the Busiest of Housewives Can Find Time for This Simple Beautifying Process.

Here are some useful hints, which, if followed, will be found to produce excellent results in keeping the hands in good condition. The last thing at night, wash the hands with a good soap in not too hot water, and after they have been thoroughly cleansed (a soft nail-brush being permissible as long as the skin is not injured), in clean warm water to which a few drops of tincture of benzoin has been added.

Dry them on a soft towel and rub them well with cocoa butter, allowing it to sink into the skin. Massage the back of each hand and the fingers with the fingers of the other hand, rubbing them with the tips in a circular movement, and gradually working down to the nails.

Now rub over with olive oil, and put on a pair of old chamois leather gloves, which, if kept on all night, will make the skin soft, as well as nice and white.

In cleaning the nails never use a steel instrument or the points of the [illegible]. Stains and [illegible] can be removed by rubbing a bit wad of cotton wool dipped on the end of an orange stick and moistened with diluted peroxide of hydrogen.

DESIGN FOR LITTLE SISTER

Silk and Cotton Combined in Pretty Costume Showing Some Really New Features.

Pale blue silk and cotton material has been made up most charmingly for a little girl in this instance. The sleeves are trimmed with narrow plaited frills of the material and a black velvet sash pushes under a strap buttoned down with black [illegible] There is a round yoke edged with the plaited trimming, and over this little yoke lies a round collar of machine embroidery which fastens at the back. Fine [illegible] stockings and buttoned strap slippers of black kid complete the dainty costume.

Sandwich Fillings

One-half pound of English walnut meats, one-half pound of seeded raisins, two sour pickles. Chop walnut meats, raisins, and pickles. Mix it well and spread on white bread.

NUT BISCUITS One quart of flour, one-quarter of a cupful of sugar, one-half of a pound of [illegible] or finely chopped nuts, one-quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift the baking powder into the flour, add the salt and sugar and rub in the butter. Beat the eggs, stir them into the dry mixture and add a little milk, if necessary, to mix to a soft dough. Roll out in a half-inch sheet, cut [illegible] with a [illegible] in a hot oven.

AT LIBERTY'S GATE

Vivid Little Pictures of Happenings at Ellis Island.

Five Thousand Immigrants Go Through the Gates Every Twenty-four Hours They Come From Every Quarter.

New York.—Five thousand "seekers of liberty" are pouring through the gates of Ellis island every 24 hours these days. They come from almost every quarter of Europe, Asia and Africa, and their coal-black [illegible] is the golden stream that flows through Italy's dale and city thoroughfare. To [illegible] island is an [illegible] large but quiet zoo. They marvel at the tongue the other alien speaks, and the American looks askance at them.

Paid employes of the government handle the aliens seeking admission to the United States like so many cattle or hogs. There's a reason for it. Nearly [illegible] are unfamiliar with the voice of [illegible] spoken, so they use their hands. They shop these prospective citizens to the right and to the left, forward and backward, just like Farmer John handles live stock in the barnyard of a 160-acre Iowa farm. They pass, in costumes as varied as their tongues, through the portals of the administrative building, to seek America's gift of welcome.

At Ellis island everything is the appearance of dense lines of people herded into this space or that, and an attendant in blue flapping his hands to make them walk. Outside, tied up at the wharf, are two decrepit barges filled with moving figures. Suddenly a keeper ropes a hundred or more of them with a strand of command and hastens them into the building. There they are herded before a physician, herded in to lunch, herded into the [illegible] and finally, by gradual process, [illegible] or detained temporarily or for deportation. All the time they are behind wire screens, whose sides they feel [illegible] and through which they [illegible]

A [illegible] at first impression; but if you wander about long enough you will be able to [illegible] and find the [illegible] hind each blank countenance and the uncommunicative eyes. Find, in spite of the dress, the tongue, the crush that would seem to crush out individuality and mass them under one term, the same old thoughts, feelings and desires. Here is an account of just a few picked up casually in one day:

Nora Amore was sitting in the [illegible] behind the kitchen [illegible] corner of her handkerchief to wipe the tears from her constantly [illegible] eyes. Nora's tie was green and her eyes were as black as her hair, and Nora was the prettiest bit of femininity, to American sight, in all that crowd. She had been detained a few days previously to await the arrival of Mike, who left the "ould country" about one and a half years ago and had at last sent her word that a home was ready for her. Now, when Nora reached the island, Mike had not yet come from his home in Colorado. So she waited as philosophically as her patience would permit her, with all the Italians she couldn't understand and didn't like. And it was hot, and she wasn't looking as pretty as she had, and, oh, "what's keepin' the b'y?"

Suddenly her name was called and it sounded queer after all the gutterals that had preceded it. She was led into the little cage behind the kissing post. Don't you know why it is so termed? Just because as soon as one of the men or women has been detained until the arrival of a friend is released he or she passes out of that little swinging door by the post and falls into waiting arms.

And in the cage Nora joined the others who were jumping about and craning their necks to see a familiar face or hear a word that might be spoken in English. Suddenly from the other corner of the room Nora's face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. And again an attendant approached her and read a telegram. Mike had been detained and would not reach her until tomorrow. Nora turned quietly over to her bench and took out her handkerchief. She didn't sob and she didn't hide her face, but she just dissolved in unashamed tears.

Near Nora waited an old woman with hood drawn over her head. She had come from Bulgaria, where her husband and her oldest son had been killed in the Balkan war, and now she was waiting for her other son, whom she had not seen in [illegible] years and who had left her to seek his fortunes when he was sixteen.

CHILD IN A "CURFEW" ROLE

Little Girl Misses Footing on Ladder, and Swings from 80-Foot Tower.

Slayton, Minn.—Dangling from a 80-foot windmill tower, Hazel, the six-year-old daughter of W. W. Taylor, a farmer, clung to the edge of the platform until rescued by her father.

The child had climbed to the top of the tower [illegible] to the opening leading to the ladder and grasped the edge of the platform, but missed her footing on the ladder.

Almost frantic with fear, Taylor hastily mounted to his daughter and saved her.

Alfalfa Hay for Cows.

Because of the high protein content, alfalfa is especially valuable as a feed for dairy cows for breeding animals and for growing young stock. It is of considerable economic value when given and fed on the farm, as it takes the place of high-priced, protein-rich concentrates, such as bran and cottonseed meal. It is more economical, under most conditions at least, to feed it as a part ration [illegible] carbohydrate roughage, as corn [illegible]

REMOVING PINE STUMPS

Clearing of Land for Agricultural Purposes Is Problem.

Work Slow and Properly. [illegible] Cost of Work Has Discouraged Many Settlers.

(By E. B. FERRIS.)

Practically one-third of the area of Mississippi is embraced in what is known as the Long-leaf Pine belt. Also large portions of many of the [illegible] on the Atlantic ocean and Gulf of Mexico are, or once were, covered with the long-leaf [illegible] The clearing of these [illegible] tural purposes is quite a problem, [illegible] of their timber growth and await development at the hands of the farmer. As a rule it is quite an easy matter to free the land from logs and treetops, but the removal of the stumps is the really serious task about clearing pine lands, for unlike the hard woods and many other pines, the stumps of the long-leaf pine do not decay very [illegible] to decay as bronze.

The McNeill experiment station has removed the stumps from 100 acres of land, using all known methods, and keeping sufficient data to determine approximately the cost by each method. Fifty acres of this land was cultivated several years before removing the stumps and this experience led to the conclusion that it is far better to remove all stumps before the land is put into cultivation. The [illegible] not be cultivated economically with the stumps [illegible]

A Stump Puller.

Digging and cutting is a sure method of removing the stumps [illegible] but under our conditions [illegible] proved the most expensive, except for stumps ten inches or less in diameter, or for land that has been in cultivation a [illegible] and the roots are partially decayed.

So far the most successful methods of getting rid of the [illegible] to destroy them. The common method is to dig a hole 12 or more inches deep on one side of the stump and as close to it as possible and use this as a furnace for burning the stump. In digging this hole it is necessary that the soil be removed from as much of the stump as possible so as to allow the fire to come in contact with at least six inches of it. Burning stumps by this method is a slow process, but it requires no outlay of money and besides it may be done by one individual, while to pull them requires several men and a team.

The burning of stumps may be greatly hastened by boring a hole diagonally through the stump from the surface of the ground on one side into the furnace on the opposite side. This serves as a flue through which the heat and flame pass out, going through the stump and heating it up in one-fourth the time required without the hole. A stump thus treated usually burns out with little effort on the part of attendants and in most cases to a sufficient depth beneath the surface to be out of the way of plows and cultivators.

A quick and fairly satisfactory method of removing stumps is by first blasting them with dynamite and then burning the shattered remains. It requires from one-quarter to one pound of dynamite to shatter the average run of pine stumps. In order to do this with the amount of explosive mentioned, it is necessary to place the dynamite into holes bored well into the stump and [illegible] same thoroughly with sand or clay. Effort should be made to so place these holes that the pressure from the explosion will be exerted equally in all directions in the stump, otherwise it will simply blow out the weakest side and fail to shatter the stump. A [illegible] machine can be used very successfully in boring these holes, reducing the cost of hand boring [illegible] 50 per cent. There is an element of danger in the use of dynamite, [illegible] if even ordinary precautions are used.

A Stump Borer.

CHRISTENED "IN THE JORDAN"

Water Used at Ceremony Was Brought From Palestine Twelve Years Ago.

Atlantic City.—Water taken from the River Jordan 12 years ago by [illegible] Bew, was used in St. James' Protestant Episcopal church for the christening of Joseph Bew Bartlett. He is the son of Robert Bartlett, cashier of the Ventnor City National Bank, and grandson of Mayor and Mrs. James T. Bew of Ventnor City, and Under Sheriff and Mrs. Joseph R. Bartlett.

Three grandmothers and a great-great uncle, Richard Todill of Germantown, were among those who attended the ceremony.

Wraps for Traveling.

A military cape is the most [illegible] cloak for traveling. It is comfortable and [illegible] at the [illegible] be worn over a gown, a coat or wraps [illegible] in [illegible] used in [illegible] first [illegible]

GRADING IS MOST IMPORTANT

Work Should Be Started in Field With Growing of Crops Careful Cultivation Lessens Culls.

The most important operation in preparing fruit and vegetables for market is the grading. The work should be started in the field with the growing of the crop. [illegible] means fewer culls and less expense for sorting and grading. Uniformity is the principal requirement to be considered in grading and packing. Growers should not attempt to handle and market their crops unless they pack them in uniform packages and grade them so that they will present a uniform quality and general appearance. Produce put up in good [illegible] will appeal to the eye [illegible] and will sell with good profits [illegible] ened, poorly developed, badly selected produce that injures the sale of the better products. Produce of all kinds should be sorted so that in each package each specimen is as nearly like the others as is practicable. The efficient grader has in mind the appearance of the whole package, and not the individual specimens. This work can [illegible] rigid the grading the greater will be the profits at the time of sale.

DOESN'T ROOT FOR MISCHIEF

Hog Is Looking [illegible] Soil to Aid in Digestion—Tankage is Excellent.

A great many think a hog roots just for mischief. That is not the case. The animal roots for alkali, which it finds in the soil and which aids him in digestion. Nature helps him out in this way when man is foolish enough to neglect him.

In the amount of carbonaceous feed that we feed the hogs there is too little phosphate for them.

Anything that we throw to the pigs, whether lime, bones or oysted shells, seem to be greatly relished and seems to be a great help to them in digesting their other feed and promoting their general health.

Tankage is an excellent feed to prevent the sows and pigs from having an [illegible] to uncommon [illegible] old [illegible] and also killing chickens.

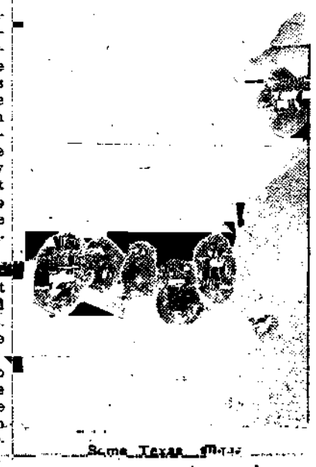
It also aids them in getting more nutriment out of their other feed by keeping them in a healthy condition.

POTATO CROP IN TEXAS

Farmer Raises 836 Bushels on Three and Seven-Eighths Acres Ought to Do Even Better.

The man holding a row of [illegible] on his arm, with pardonable [illegible] of his [illegible] one-half to three pounds. He raised 836 bushels on [illegible] and seven-eighths acres.

The man in the machine was turning up tubers at the rate of 212 bushels per acre on a 12-acre field. In [illegible] was in high condition 266 bushels were obtained. Still American farmers ought to do better than that. German growers produce 350 to 400 bushels per acre.



Some Texas [illegible]

Hereford as Beef Breed.

The Hereford derives its name from its native district in England.

The most [illegible] color and markings are dark cherry or cherry, white face, throat, chest, legs, belly and small strip of white on neck and before the shoulders. The horns are medium to large, white and generally turning outward.

This breed represents the type that is suitable for the largest production of beef as it is low set and broad, heavy in forequarters, full, deep chest, level, wide back, wide loin and quarters. The form resembles that which is associated with a strong constitution, vigor and [illegible] and one of the strong points of the breed is their [illegible] qualities. The Hereford probably has no superior on the range. The cows of this breed give only milk enough to raise a very thrifty calf.

Danger of Loose Wire.

Don't [illegible] any [illegible] where the colts and horses run. It only takes two seconds to knock a hundred dollars off the value of the horse.

Eureka Harness Oil
Mica Axle Grease